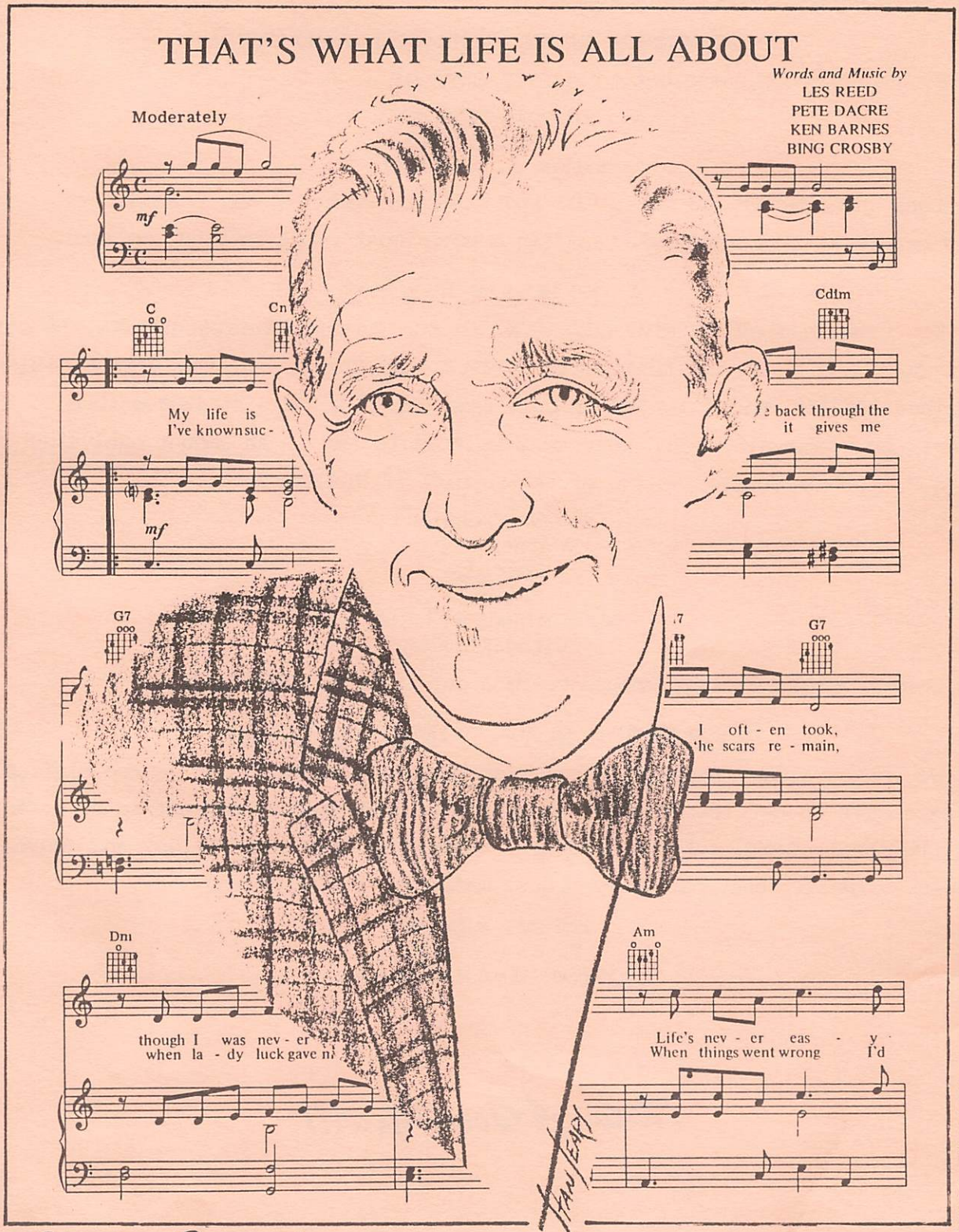
BINGANG



Club Crosby

December 1990

It's Time To Renew For 1991!

For most of you, it is time to renew your membership for the 1991 calendar year. Please follow these directions:

TO OUR MEMBERS IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

Send your check, made out to CLUB CROSBY, to:

Editor, BINGANG
P. O. Box 3849
Kirkwood, MO 63122

Dues are now $11.00 for U. S. and Canadian members, and personal checks or money orders will be accepted. Canadian members must remit in U. S. dollars.

TO OUR MEMBERS IN EUROPE

Ken Crossland of W. Midlands, U.K. is our European representative. He collects dues and does the mailing of BINGANG for Europe and the British Isles. Magazines are air-mailed to Ken in bulk from the U. S. He distributes them to the members. Dues are $16.00 and must be submitted to Ken in an amount equivalent to $16.00 U. S. Send dues or notice of non-receipt of BINGANG to:

Ken W. Crossland
9 Arden Drive
Dorridge
Solihull
W. Midlands B93 8LP
United Kingdom

Checks or money orders should be made out to K. W. Crossland.

TO OUR MEMBERS IN AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND

We cannot accept foreign currency or personal checks, as it is too difficult and expensive to get them cashed. Money orders must specify payment in U. S. dollars. Personal checks will be returned, unhonored. Dues are $16.00, and journals are sent airmail. Send your money order, made out to CLUB CROSBY, to:

Editor, BINGANG
P. O. Box 3849
Kirkwood, MO 63122 U.S.A.

Have A Good Year!!

The drawing on the front cover was enlarged from the program cover for Bing's first concert in Los Angeles. The music is "That's What Life Is All About," by Les Reed, Pete Dacre, Ken Barnes, and Bing Crosby, copyright 1973 by Donna Music, Ltd. of London. All rights for the U. S. A. and Canada are controlled by Glenwood Music Corporation of Hollywood, California.

Club Bing Bang Crosby

VOLUME LV NO. 2 DECEMBER 1990

A PUBLICATION OF CLUB CROSBY

P. O. Box 3849
Kirkwood, MO 63122

MARK SCRIMGER.....PRESIDENT
WAYNE L. MARTIN...EDITOR AND VICE-PRESIDENT

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Subscription Information.....2
Readers Write.....4
Editor's Page.....5
The First Concert.....By Charles D. Baillie.....6-9
1954: End of the Crosby Era.....By Steven Lewis.....10-11
Carroll Carroll.....By Vernon Wesley Taylor.....12-13
I Owe Bob Hope $9.00.....By Don Eagle.....14-16
Crooner's Grandson Wed at GU.....16
William Paley Is Dead at 89.....17
More Crosby Correspondence.....18-21
Top o' the Morning.....A Novelization.....22-26
A Bing Crosby-Barry Fitzgerald Adventure Told in Comics.....27
Bing Crosby in Person.....Ads from Jean-Paul Frereault.....28-31
Young Bing on Sheet Music.....By Mark Scrimger.....32-35
Tacoma Scrapbook.....By Mark Scrimger.....36-37
Bing and the Vietnam War.....By Pete Cakanic.....38
Mary Martin, A Tribute.....By Gregg Hammond.....39
Big News About Bing!.....By Dena Reed.....40-41
Smoke Gets in Your Eyes.....By Mark Scrimger.....42-43
Legends.....By Tom Shales.....44-45
The Song Still Glistens.....By Alexandra Boettcher.....46-47
The "100 Most Influential Americans: Bing Crosby".....from Life.....48
Moonshiners.....Reviews by John Marshall & Malcolm Macfarlane.....49
BC on CD--An Update.....50-51
Classics Always Home for Christmas.....52
New Video Releases.....53
Scrapbook.....54
Swaps and Such.....55
Photo by Tom G. Murray.....56

CLUB CROSBY ADDRESSES

PRESIDENT
Mark Scrimger
P. O. Box 172
Parma, MI 49269

EDITOR
Wayne L. Martin
P. O. Box 3849
Kirkwood, MO 63122

Readers write

The complete address of a correspondent is printed only when the writer has expressed a desire to hear from other members of Club Crosby.

Dear Wayne,

I dug out the TV show Charlie Sherman refers to (Readers Write, July 1990). It's Flip Wilson who gives Bing the platinum record for three million sales, and they follow up with a duet on several western songs, one of which is "I'm an Old Cowhand."

--Joe Onorato, Northfield, Vermont.

Dear Wayne,

If you would like to see Bing's old movies on cable TV, write to Phil Oppenheim, Programing Department TNT, Atlanta, GA 30348-5264. I have not seen his old films in 30 years on TV. Maybe the other members have.

--Charles Sherman, Baltimore, Ohio.

Dear Wayne,

Like you, I don't understand the block around Bing. Most people in this country only know the "bad father" story and nothing else about Bing. I wouldn't even try at this time to talk to them. It would be falling on deaf ears. Hopefully, in my lifetime it will change.

--Catherine O'Neill, Massapequa Park, New York.

Dear Wayne,

In the summer of 1939, when I'd already been a Crosby fan for about 10 or 11 years, I was working on a farm near Marengo, Illinois. One week, Bing's movie "Paris Honeymoon" was playing four nights. After my chores were done I headed out across the fields and got to town, somehow or other, by 8 p.m. I did that all four nights and still managed to get up the next morning at 4:30 to yank the milk out of the cows I had assigned to me. Whenever I was in the theatre I noticed people looking at me with a considerable amount of displeasure. Although I may not have realized it at the time, I know now that it must have been the fragrant farm odors I had clinging to my overalls. Because of the difficulty involved in getting there on time four nights in a row, I still remember the songs in the film as if it were yesterday....

There are a lot of songs that I wish Bing had recorded during the 30's, such as "Isle of Capri," "Moon Over Miami," "True Confession," "In a Little Gypsy Tearoom," "Take My Heart" and many others. I think Kapp could have chosen a lot of songs for Bing to record that he didn't. Of course, it's likely that Bing didn't want to do them. He did make an album called "Songs I Wish I Had Sung the First Time Around." Second thoughts?

--Chet Rose, Beloit, Wisconsin.

Dear Mark,

Our beautiful BINGANG has arrived and has been enjoyed. As usual, it is a fine issue. The (July 1990) cover is most interesting, a very unusual photo of Bing. It doesn't look too much like what we conjure up to look like Bing. It was nice of Mr. Murray to share it with us.

I enjoyed the "Funnies." Leave it to Al Sutton to come up with something like that. I enjoyed also your continuing article on the food and cigarette cards. I am amazed there were so many. I am surprised that no other member has come forth with any of these.

Another thing I enjoyed was the reprint of the article from the November 1931 issue of Screen Play magazine. It really takes you back--way back.

The "Bing on the Air" article came out really well, I thought. I was happy to read about the other two programs. I showed it to Bob Peterson, and he was pleased. We made a copy of the page, and the following Sunday he mentioned it over the air and read it to the listening public. So it all worked out nicely. His "Music Tasting Room" program got mentioned in BINGANG, and BINGANG got mentioned over his program. In case you are wondering about the title of his program, Ukiah is in the midst of the wine country--many wineries, all of which have "tasting" rooms. I guess I should have mentioned KMRJ-FM comes over 105.9.

Your article "Let's Try Again," on the sheet music, sure was interesting. You were fortunate to get these. I wonder how many other, different, ones exist.

I was very happy to read about Shirley Naylor. She has always been a very loyal and active member. I guess I've been a member of Club Crosby about as long as Shirley. (I just received a 50-year membership card from A.A.A.)

It is too bad that BINGANG had to carry the deaths of Carmen Cavallaro, Jimmy Van Heusen, and Sammy Fain. One by one, all the greats are leaving us. It is the natural order of things, but we can't help missing them.

Now, last but certainly not least, my hat is off to Jean-Paul Frereault for his "labor of love." It had to be just that. I cannot imagine anyone doing what he did for any other reason. Bless him! What a fine job he did! Just reading those ads gives me a thrill. I remember when it <u>was</u> like that.

--Helen Tolton, Lakeport, California.

Editor's Page

We will keep the editorial comments brief in this issue, since we have a lot of material to pack into our 56 pages. Mark and I are proud of this issue, with so many original articles submitted by members Charles Baillie, Steven Lewis, Vernon Wesley Taylor, Don Eagle, Pete Cakanic, and Gregg Hammond. We are also grateful for all contributions of reprint articles and other material.

Dues Increase. It is with regret that we must announce a dues increase effective January 1, 1991. Dues have been $10 for U.S. and Canadian members and $15 for overseas members since October 1981, over nine years ago! During that time printing and mailing costs have continued to rise. One thing is certain. Costs will not go down or even stay the same in the coming years. An increase in postal rates has already been planned during 1991. Frankly, we could not have kept the $10/$15 rates if some of our members had not sent a "little extra for postage" or "for the kitty" from time to time. It is our hope that those of you who can afford it will continue to help us out in this way. We would not want to cut down on the size or quality of our journal!

The bottom line is that dues for U.S. and Canadian members will go up to $11, and overseas members will also find an extra dollar tacked on to their membership fees, bringing theirs up to $16 per year. We hope that all of you will understand the reasons for this increase. We want to keep all of you as members of one of the oldest "fan clubs" in existence.

A Bookkeeping Change. In the past we have indicated on your mailing labels the date that you last paid your annual dues. Several members have written to say that they find this confusing and would prefer that we show the date when membership/subscription fees expire. Therefore, we have made this change on our records. The date written in red on your mailing label now tells you when you should mail in your dues. We hope that this will work out to everybody's satisfaction.

Incidentally, a few of you are behind in your payments. Please send in your dues as soon as possible, as we simply cannot afford to print and mail the journal to those who don't pay.

And that's enough business talk for this issue!

Bing Honored by LIFE. At long last, Bing has received the recognition that he so justly deserves. In a special issue of LIFE (Fall 1990) he was chosen as one of the "100 Most Important Americans of the 20th Century." It is truly a great honor, and all of us are very proud of LIFE's tribute to this great artist. The article has been reprinted on page 48 of this issue.

P. S. to the post office. Are you aware of this development? How about the commemorative stamp that we have been asking for these past several years? What is your excuse now?

THE CROSBY VOICE. We are sorry to report that Bob Machliss has announced that THE CROSBY VOICE, the journal of The Victorian Bing Crosby Society (Australia), has been discontinued. With his present workload, Bob simply did not have the time to put the magazine together.

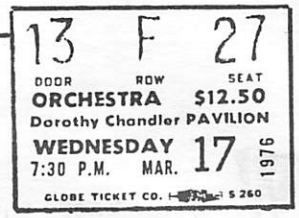
It was one of the best of the Crosby journals, and it will certainly be missed in Australia and in the rest of the Crosby world.

The Society itself will continue, and a simple newsletter will be issued. Mark Scrimger, the American Representative of the V.B.C.S., has notified all American subscribers, and he would be happy to answer any questions that you might have.

Pat Firth. Club Crosby member Carmel Gene Gallegos has written to us of the death of Mrs. Patricia Firth, a longtime member of this club. Back in the 1980's Pat made a survey of Club Crosby members to determine their 10 or 15 top favorite Crosby recordings. She was only in her forties and leaves her devoted husband and three college-age children, plus a vast collection of Crosby records, tapes, and videos. Our club extends its sympathy to Pat's family and friends.

DIDN'T YOU USED TO BE BING CROSBY?

The First Concert



By Charles D. Baillie

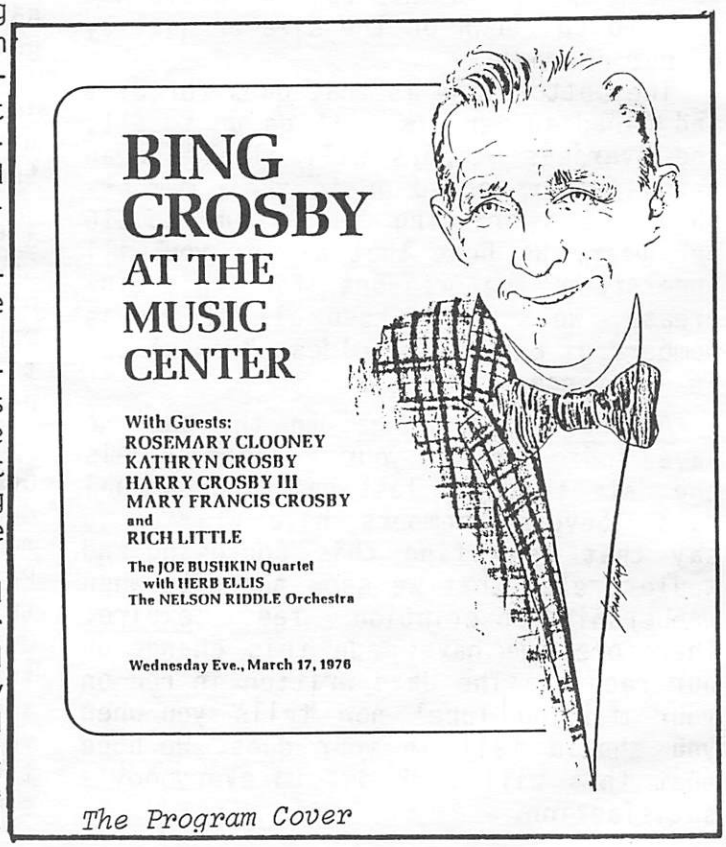
In early January, 1976, I was reading the entertainment section of the L. A. Times when a small paragraph in the Coming Events column caught my eye: "Bing Crosby to appear at the Music Center on St. Patrick's Day." Not much, but certainly enough to get me on the phone at once to a good friend and business associate who had recently been appointed Treasurer of the Music Center Foundation.

While he had not heard of the scheduled concert, my friend promised to see what he could do. In short, he did good! --orchestra sixth row center--a row behind the first Crosby family. The seats were a bit better than my first glimpse of Bing at a War Bond Rally in 1941 at the Chicago Stadium. The stage and Bing were at one end, and I was up in the rafters at the other end!

My wife, her sister, my son and I arrived early at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion of the Music Center and settled expectantly in our seats. Shortly after 7:30 p.m., the lights dimmed and the curtains parted as Nelson Riddle and his orchestra started playing "Old Blue." After a few seconds, Bing stepped out--stage right--and the full house went beserk!

After an enthusiastic standing ovation, the crowd settled down, and Bing explained why he had decided to do the concert--other than his constant dedication to helping worthwhile charitable causes. In this case, the proceeds went to the Tarzana Psychiatric Hospital Drug Abuse Program and the Sugar Ray Robinson Youth Foundation. As you can see, Bing was way ahead of most in recognizing the drug problem, with particular concern for underprivileged youth.

Bing recounted how he had gone to the NBC-TV studio in Burbank to shoot a short TV spot. As he crossed the parking lot, he was stopped by a man who gave him a puzzled look and said, "Didn't you used to be Bing Crosby?" Bing indicated that this convinced him he had better do something about it! After the laughter subsided, Bing did just that.



The Program Cover

Along with about everyone in the audience, I was completely mesmerized. Bing sang some beautiful ballads like "Send in the Clowns," with the excellent backing of Nelson Riddle, and then introduced Rosemary Clooney for a duet on "Slow Boat to China." Rosie then took over for a solo set that included "Tenderly."

With the fine backing of the Joe Bushkin Quartet, Rich Little, imitating Louis Armstrong, joined Bing in a duet of "Gone Fishing." Rich, of course, gave a number of imitations, including his great mimic of Bing.

Next, Bing was joined by the Crosby family--Kathryn, Harry, and Mary Frances. I'm afraid none of them can replace Bing in the singing department, but they all had pleasant voices and added a warm family touch to the proceedings.

Bing charmed the audience with "The Way We Were" and brought Rosie back for another set, including "Just One of Those Things." This led up to the highlight of the evening, "The Crosby Medley."

Bing, with Joe Bushkin's Quartet supporting, sang some 30-35 of the songs he has been closely associated with over the past 50 years. The audience applauded each song--sang along with a few--and gave Bing another one of the several standing ovations at the conclusion.

Indicating that everyone should have a philosophy of life, Bing concluded the evening by *singing* his--"That's What Life Is All About." No one--most of all me--wanted the concert to end. However, all good things...etc.--and I will always have a great evening with Bing that's very "Easy to Remember."

In closing, as a Crosby fan for over 50 years I realize I'm a bit prejudiced in Bing's favor. Consequently, I'm including opinions of the "pros"--the music critics from the L. A. Times and the L. A. Herald-Examiner.

P. S. They obviously enjoyed it, too!

POP MUSIC REVIEW

Bing and the Road to Nostalgia

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Where does a 175-pound, half-Irish baritone who has sold close to a third of a billion records give a concert? Anywhere he wants. Preferably the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion on St. Patrick's Day.

As Bing Crosby recalled, this was his demicentennial. Fifty years ago this month, the man who would become the world's first pop media superstar, newly arrived in Los Angeles from Spokane with his vocal partner Al Rinker, played his first local date at the Boulevard Theater near the USC campus. His audience then consisted primarily of students.

The crowd that filled the Pavilion Wednesday may have included some of those students, along with their children and perhaps a few grandchildren. My mental computer placed the median age at 42¾ years, but their age span was as broad as their smiles

Crosby's career has included remarkably few concerts. This was the first such program built especially around him in the Southland, and it took two worthy causes to lure him: the Tarzana Psychiatric Hospital and the Sugar Ray Robinson Youth Foundation.

Created and directed by Paul Werth the evening was a skillful blend of straight-ahead vocals by the star (with a minimum of verbal interruptions); an opening montage of old radio tapes (with Bob Hope, Gary Cooper and Jimmy Stewart) and film clips sans sound tracks (with W. C. Fields, Dorothy Lamour, Louis Armstrong, Frank Sinatra); succinct appearances by three other Crosbys, and a climactic medley that embraced 32 songs drawn from the first two or three decades of the Crosby dynasty.

It was, in fact, the kind of program one might have expected to judge in terms of the ambience rather than actual performance; after all, Bing Crosby as a singer has long since been *hors concours*. Yet the longer the evening wore on, the clearer it became that this was indeed solid, valid entertainment.

Crosby at 71 has a timbre extraordinarily close to the sound you still hear on his late night movies. When he sang "Sweet Leilani," it could have been 1937 again. If other tunes were given a throwaway treatment, it was usually because the material called for nothing more. (If they don't write songs like that anymore, in a few instances one can be thankful.)

Of course, "Galway Bay" was sung, as was "Too-Ra-Loo-Ra-Loo-Ral." Even the coffee served at intermission was Irish. And for good measure there was Rosemary Clooney, looking fresh and joyful as she joined with the star for "Slow Boat to China" before taking over for a short set of her own. "Fifty Ways to Leave Your Lover," borrowed from Paul Simon, with its hip lyrics and good chord changes, was as well suited to her as "Tenderly," her 1955 best-seller.

It was, I suspect, the kind of occasion at which the audience relates the lyrics of certain songs to what they know of the artist's life. This was surely true of Clooney's "A Song for You" and "By Myself," and no less applicable to Crosby's "That's What Life Is All About," his current big hit in England. (Introducing it, he said it embraces "Whatever philosophy I do have, which is minimal.")

Among the new or unfamiliar songs, "Send in the Clowns" sounded as if it could have been written for Bing. Kathryn Crosby was charming in her couple of duets; Mary Frances Crosby, 16, and Harry Crosby III, 17, were little more than tokens of family togetherness.

Rich Little's 20 minutes of impressions were notable for his on-the-button takes of Johnny Carson, Groucho Marx, George Burns and Bing.

Nelson Riddle provided appropriate accompaniment on the orchestral numbers. Joe Bushkin, a pianist recently brought out of retirement by Crosby, played a brief quartet interlude, in which his cocktail jazz piano was submerged by the sound man, who allowed guitarist Herb Ellis to steal the set. On several songs in the medley, Bushkin doubled Crosby's melody line, offering an echo where Bing needed an accompaniment. In "Dinah" he forgot to play the bridge, then put on his reading glasses as if he couldn't remember this long famous song. Incredible. Bushkin was less effective as a pianist than in his slight appearances as trumpeter; his horn solo on "Pennies From Heaven" brought the combo suddenly to life.

Crosby once ascribed his success to the fact that the listener feels he could be up there doing the same thing. I was reminded of this during the medley when he blew the lyrics a few times. Bing is human; it is perhaps his humanity and fallibility coupled with an enduring talent that has sustained him as an American institution.

Los Angeles Times
March 19, 1976

JAMES BACON

Bing Crosby Packs Them in At Concert

Bing Crosby had better get out of town fast else he'll kill all of us.

The Old Groaner must be taking Bob Hope energy pills.

Latest event on Bing's whirlwind visit from up north was his concert at the Pavilion of the Music Center which raised a bundle for the Sugar Ray Robinson Youth Foundation and the Tarzana psychological clinic.

The place jammed to the rafers and when Bing first walked out on the stage, everybody in the place stood up and gave him a standing ovation. He was to get three more before the night was over.

Technically it was Bing's first concert since becoming a superstar but not the last. Next stop is the London Palladium.

From "Mary Lou" which he first sang at the old Boulevard theatre near the USC campus in 1926 to "Mississippi Mud" which he recorded as part of the Rhythm Boys with Paul Whiteman's orchestra, Bing must have sung a hundred or more songs.

One medley of the Bing Crosby favorites lasted one hour and the audience was on its feet yelling "More! More!"

Even Bing, who is a supremely modest man, had to be impressed.

The other night someone mentioned concert to him. Bing corrected:

"It's no concert. We're just going to sing a few songs."

Backstage after the concert, fans mobbed the two policemen at the stage door and before long, there were hundreds of people backstage clamoring for autographs.

Bing, at 71, was besieged like a Donny Osmond.

Bing onstage is the same relaxed Crosby that the world has always loved. He makes Perry Como look like a nervous wreck.

Surprisingly, there were few singers in the audience. They should have been because Bing sounded like he did when he was vocalist for Gus Arnheim's band at the Cocoanut Grove here in the thirties. It was the oldtime Crosby tonsils at their best.

As usual, the audience was filled with Crosby relatives including Bing's four oldest sons --Gary, Phil, Dennis and Lindsay. Bing had his new family by Kathryn onstage with him--all except the youngest, Nathaniel.

Bing said his report card last month quarantined him to his room studying.

Even Alan Fisher, the most impeccable English butler since Arthur Treacher, came down from the Crosby manse in the San Francisco Bay area. Alan was seating all the Crosby relatives and friends, a gargantuan job in itself.

Bob Hope was out of town but Dolores represented him. And from Palm Beach, Fla., came Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

It sounds like the show was all Crosby. Far from it. Rosemary Clooney was a smash as was Rich Little who did Bing Crosby right along with the original. Nelson Riddle's big band backed the show.

"It was a great night," said Nelson, "that I'm happy to have been a part of."

Joe Bushkin, an all time great among jazz pianists, came out of retirement to help out his old buddy Bing. Joe's jazz quartet featuring Herb Ellis on guitar and Chuck Berghofer on bass was superb.

They backed Bing on the medley and for Herb and Chuck it was the first time around with Bing. Bushkin had rehearsed with Bing but the rest of the quartet hadn't. You would never have known it.

Bushkin has been raising horses up in Santa Barbara with only piano playing for his own amusement. With his talent, he should forget horses and keep hitting those ivories.

It was a night to remember. I only wish Bing had sung my all time favorite Crosby hit--"June in January"--but you can't win them all.

Los Angeles Herald-Examiner
Friday, March 19, 1976

ASSOCIATED PRESS REPORT

A mellow Crosby close to tears at big ovation

By BOB THOMAS
Associated Press Writer

LOS ANGELES (AP) — Singing in fine mellow style, Bing Crosby celebrated St. Patrick's Day and his "demicentennial in show business" by performing the first concert of his career.

The 71-year-old singer seemed close to tears Wednesday night as a standing ovation greeted his performance at the Music Center.

It was the first of several concerts he plans to give for charity in this country and later this year in London.

"I decided to get back in the swim," Crosby told his audience. "One of the things that made me decide was when I came out of NBC's artists' entrance one day and somebody asked me, 'Didn't you used to be Bing Crosby?'"

Crosby, who had curtailed his career in recent years, seemed to enjoy himself immensely. He sang with wife, Kathryn, son Harry and daughter Mary Francis — "Nathaniel would be here except that he got three F's in his last report card," said Bing.

He also sang duets with Rosemary Clooney and clowned with impressionist Rich Little.

The Crosby baritone sounded as sure as ever, especially in the lower registers. Backed by Nelson Riddle's orchestra, he gave solid renditions of such recent songs as "Send In the Clowns," "You've Got a Friend," and "The Way We Were."

But he made his biggest impact on the audience with his medley with the Joe Bushkin quartet of the well-remembered oldies, which included: "I Surrender Dear," "True Love," "Would You Like to Swing on a Star," "Pennies from Heaven," "Blue Hawaii," "Accent the Positive," and "Sweet Leilani."

"It was just 50 years ago this month that my partner Al Rinker and I got a job at the Boulevard Theater here," Crosby told his audience. "The theater was close to the USC campus and a lot of the college boys and girls dropped in to see how a couple of guys from Spokane were doing. They were a big help, and ever since then I've rooted for USC — except when they play Notre Dame, of course."

AP laserphoto

AT 71, A NEW SPOTLIGHT
Bing with Rosemary Clooney

Bing Crosby concert on St. Patrick's Day

LOS ANGELES (AP) — Bing Crosby has scheduled the first concert of his long career.

"Bing Crosby at the Music Center" is the title of the show he will present here on St. Patrick's Day. Although Crosby has made guest appearances at charity affairs over the years, this is the first time, according to his press representative, that the singer has appeared solo in concert.

He will be supported by the Nelson Riddle orchestra. Crosby remains the No. 1 record seller, with more than 400 million sold, including 40 million of "White Christmas" alone.

A.P. Articles Courtesy Wayne Martin

2/20/76

1954: END OF THE CROSBY ERA

BY STEVEN LEWIS

The year 1931 is well-known to Crosby fans as the time Bing burst into the spotlight of American popular culture. It was then that CBS signed Bing to his first nationwide prime-time radio show. Shortly thereafter Bing began a record-breaking streak of 29 consecutive weeks at New York's Paramount Theatres. Early in 1932 Paramount Pictures signed Bing to star in a series of feature-length films beginning with "The Big Broadcast."

Crosby continued to earn his place at the top of the entertainment world for nearly a quarter century. But changes in American popular culture coupled with Crosby's advancing age proved that Bing, too, was a mortal pop idol.

More than any other year, 1954 marks the end of Crosby's reign over the entertainment world. This was to be Crosby's last year among the ten leading box office attractions in America. For 12 consecutive years — 1943 through 1954 — Crosby had made the Top Ten list. For 5 consecutive years — 1944 through 1948 — Bing had topped the list. His final appearance in the Top Ten reflected the success of the 1954 movies "White Christmas" (released in October) and "Country Girl" (released in December).

Crosby's performance in "Country Girl" won him the respect of even the toughest movie critics. Hitherto, Crosby had been thought of as a light actor who played the same character — himself — in each of his movies. Now it was apparent he could do more.

Bing's prime-time radio variety show also came to an end in 1954, a victim of the shift of advertising dollars from radio to television. His last show was broadcast by CBS on Sunday night, June 6, 1954. Rosemary Clooney was Bing's guest, as she had been on many occasions during the two seasons that General Electric sponsored the show.

Bing's son, Gary, took over for the summer, but the GE show did not return in the fall. Instead, Bing returned to radio on the evening of November 22 in a 15-minute daily broadcast for CBS. Gone were the guests, the studio audience, the orchestra and the traditional "Blue of the Night" theme. Instead, Bing opened the show with "Moonlight Becomes You" accompanied by the Buddy Cole Trio. Ken Carpenter was still there, but Bing mostly played his recordings and talked of sports or of his other interests.

No doubt Bing could have moved to television with his variety show, but Crosby never ventured seriously into television broadcasting until 1964, when he starred in a short-lived situation comedy on ABC. Perhaps part of Bing's reluctance to join television on a weekly basis was related to the greater demands of the medium — makeup, toupees, hot lights and scripts to be memorized.

The end of Bing's radio variety show also marked the end of a 17-year association with John Scott Trotter (1908-75) as his musical conductor and arranger. Trotter moved to television where he composed and conducted for the "George Gobel Show" until 1960. Bing's last recordings with Trotter were made on May 21 when they cut "Lisa" and "In the Good Old Summertime."

Bing's most successful single of the year, "Count Your Blessings Instead of Sheep," was not recorded with Trotter, but with the Joseph Lilly Orchestra for the movie "White Christmas." The soundtrack from "White Christmas" was released as an LP record in the fall that sold at $4.85. Missing from the soundtrack, though, were Rosemary Clooney and Vera Ellen, who were under contract to other record companies. Peggy Lee and Trudy Stevens replaced them.

Bing recorded his musical autobiography in 1954. It was released in the fall as a 5-record set that sold for $27.50. Bing introduced each of the 89 songs, many of which he recorded anew with the Buddy Cole Trio. Curiously absent from the set was any mention of his 1932 recording that became the anthem of the Great Depression, "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime."

Bing's singing voice was becoming increasingly unpredictable as he moved along the sixth decade of his life. The smooth rolling baritone was as good as ever on some occasions but at other times seemed tired and thin. Bing usually sang at his best before a studio audience, and some of his best vocals in 1954 were never released on record but, instead, were recorded as part of his General Electric radio show.

One of Crosby's best vocals of '54 was his interpretation of "Answer Me, My Love" on his February 24 broadcast. The hit version, of course, is associated with Nat King Cole, but Crosby's rendition makes Cole's interpretation seem uninspired. Another Crosby gem occurred during his March 21 broadcast when he sang "Wanted," a recent Perry Como hit. Trotter's arrangement and Bing's sensitive vocal seem much more in tune with the lyrics than Como's curiously up-tempo version.

Meanwhile, 1954 brought the re-emergence of Frank Sinatra as a significant force in the entertainment industry. Sinatra had almost disappeared in the early 1950s until his appearance in the movie "From Here to Eternity" won him an Oscar in March of '54.

Renewed success in the movies led to renewed recording success for Sinatra as well. When the Swooner turned Swinger for Capitol Records he managed to do in the '50s what he could not do in the '40s — surpass Bing in record sales and earn the title "Chairman of the Board."

Elvis Presley, not Bing, turned out to be the Swinging Sinatra's major rival. The changing beat of popular music was heralded in 1954 by the success of "Rock Around the Clock" recorded on April 12 by Bill Haley and His Comets. Record sales were becoming increasingly dominated by the young while their parents watched television. The result was diminishing record sales and fewer hits for Crosby and fellow crooners.

Bing continued to be a popular entertainer throughout the remainder of his life although much of his success in the later years can be attributed to the nostalgia of the public. Clearly, he was no longer a force exciting American culture. But for nearly a quarter of a century he excelled in more areas of the entertainment industry than anyone before or since.

This article was written especially for BINGANG by Steven Lewis. He put it together on a MacIntosh computer using Quark Xpress and a laser printer. We wish we had equipment like that around the BINGANG office!

CARROLL CARROLL

AN APPRECIATION BY *Vernon Wesley Taylor*

If it is true that films and broadcasting have had a profound sociological influence on America during the past 75 years, then Carroll Carroll has been one of our movers and shakers. He has had a hand in making us the way we are, most especially those Bing Crosby fans amongst us and more especially still the Bing Crosby collectors. This stunning thought seems to have had little effect on him, but if you were to ask him his opinion on the subject, it would--without any doubt--be in the form of a chastening one-liner. What's more it would be delivered in a voice so quiet and gentle you wouldn't believe your own ears.

There are some people who play tricks on time rather than the other way around. It has been more than six decades since Carroll began his comedy-writing, first in humor magazines (the most popular medium at the time) and then in radio. He may not work that hard at it anymore, but his mind still works that way whenever the mood moves him. He is staring ninety years in the face and he has had--at least--his share of frustration, ailments, failure and heartbreak but he is not through yet. He makes his life do what he wants it to do most of the time.

I personally, know this to be true because I dealt with him by telephone, letters and in the flesh (as it were) when I wrote a long series of articles on his greatest triumph, to most of us who follow Bing's career, the Kraft Music Hall radio series. He sparks wit without half trying but it is never empty, hollow wit. He seems to own a first-rate mind and extremely quick apprehension. He saw through me almost from the start. I learned to watch my step, posing careful and constructive questions. More than all the others who were kind enough to let me pester them, Carroll made me know what went on with KMH.

It is no exaggeration to state that he invented the Kraft show. He invested it with his spirit and craftsmanship. When Bing took over the "host" position, Carroll's bosses sent him west to perk things up. He remained throughout Crosby's ten and a half year relationship with Kraft and beyond, writing all the 55 or so pages of each week's script. After the third or fourth year he was given some assistants but he always polished them up.

He gave Mr. Crosby his familiar informal laidback manner--polishing he sorely needed at the time. Bing had endured several bad experiences with his previous sponsor and with the wife of the company's president, so he made it known at the outset that he wanted as little dialogue on Kraft as he had to do. This meant he was willing, occasionally, to introduce a musical number, make brief comment with the announcer or guest-star and go into his song.

Carroll brought his experience of working with performers with him, naturally, and he immediately put it to solid use. He used a tactic which was new then and probably original with him. A sort of psychologist-gambit, he studied his quarry; watching him move around, listening to his speaking style as well as his singing, noting his inflections and vocal-tones. He observed his gestures, his calm, easygoing ways with others, off-mike. In short, his body-language. He said nothing to Crosby at first and when someone finally thought to introduce him, Bing with his usual reticence on first meetings, played it solemn and low-key: "Hi, Carroll, I hear you're going to work with us."

But, watching from a discreet distance, Carroll mentally "met" Bing in a way no one had ever done before. When he put together the script for his first show, it was possible to notice that it had already begun to lighten, quicken and develop a more natural "feel."

To tell a Bing Crosby music collector that the rest is history is more than redundant. However, the few history books on this subject have not so far pointed this out as precisely as perhaps they should. Actually, Mr. Carroll stud-

ied everyone who worked on the show, managing to get most of them alone at one time or another. He put words into the mouths of them all and made them like it; nay, they loved it. He made all those beautiful people, the guest-stars, look better than ever. More than a few carried hints away with them to use elsewhere, as did Bing, himself, in films and records.

Carroll Carroll and Vern Taylor

My series of "Hail KMH!" articles from THE CROSBY VOICE is now being revamped and expanded into a book. There will be just a smidgeon of "serious intent" buffed over the surface to impart that sheen conventional in textbooks and the like. After all, students of the broadcasting art should be fully acquainted with their important subject and come to accept what they read. Carroll is once again involved; he has agreed to consider my questions along with a number of others who were there at the time.

His persistence and consistency; his skill at maintaining the premises he set up; his helping Bing find his professional personna; these set standards in the industry followed ever since. These things and more guarantee him a place in the record. It is high time somebody said so.

A MESSAGE FROM CARROLL CARROLL TO CLUB CROSBY MEMBERS

Back when the past was the present, and I was writing Bing Crosby's *Kraft Music Hall* Thursday nights on NBC, one of those rare few was our engineer Murdo MacKenzie. Each week he would save the big electrical transcriptions of the show, for what use no one really knew. When he was called to war, about 1943, I guess, he put his complete set of recordings in a closet at the old NBC studios at Sunset and Vine in Hollywood. He put an extra padlock on the door and a sign, "Personal Property of Murdo Mackenzie. Do Not Disturb." After he and a few million others had secured the peace he came back to find his closet had a new door and was full of brooms and mops. NBC execs could only say, "We needed the space."

So the ability of future generations to rehear the hundreds of hours of Bing and his guests...all the biggest names of the day...were in a sense just one more casualty of WWII.

The above tragedy and many other tales of early radio were in my autobiography *None of Your Business or My Life with J. Walter Thompson (Confessions of a Renegade Radio Writer)*. The reason that the title is so long is found in my last book, *Carroll's First Book of Proverbs or Life Is a Fortune Cookie*, where I state on page 36..."If you have nothing to say stretch it out."

Unfortunately for old time radio buffs *None of Your Business* is out of print, but if readers of BINGANG would like the distilled wisdom of my four score and seven years: "A word to the wise is generally redundant," "Intercourse is the most productive form of body language," "A bore is anyone who says something before you have a chance," etc., I'll be happy to mail them an autographed copy of *Life Is a Fortune Cookie* for five bucks.

--Carroll Carroll
1015 North King's Road
Los Angeles, CA 90069

This article was written especially for BINGANG. Welcome back to Club Crosby, Vern!

HE OWES RUSSIA $1200, BUT...

i owe bob hope $9.00

by DON EAGLE

Nowadays on television we often are confronted with the flamboyancy of the rock and rollers in their coats-of-many-colors, ruffled shirts (or no shirts at all), freakish costuming that would be a source of embarrassment to any self-respecting circus clown.

Rocker costuming of today brings back memories of those times when musicians were expected to show some respect for their audiences by wearing sedate attire that permitted the listener to concentrate on what was supposed to be the end product of their training: a sound medium known as *music*. When I was hired for a gig (I was a stone age Elvis Presley) the standard apparel for the instrumentalist was a white jacket and shirt worn with a seemingly obsolete item: a black bow-tie.

A few weeks ago as I resurrected my ancient, wrinkled white coat to play a society party, I recalled I hadn't worn it since playing for the Bob Hope Show ten years ago.

Hope came to Spokane to play a benefit at the Coliseum. His co-hostess was a Miss Something-or-other who had won a talent contest as a vocalist. Bob elected to sing a duet with her, and he chose Cole Porter's "It's D'Lovely," a bouncy tune he'd introduced in a Broadway show in the 1930's.

But at the rehearsal, a serious question arose. Poor Bob had failed to consider the chronological problem arising from the fact that Miss Beauty Queen was ignorant of the melody or lyrics of a song popular before she was born.

Frustrated, Bob took the beauty queen by the hand, approached the bandstand and asked for my help. We three retired backstage. I strummed my guitar as he patiently taught her the song. Thirty minutes later we parted and I heard him mutter, "That's the trouble with the younger generation; they don't know any of the good old songs."

I was hoping there'd be a lull in the rehearsal so I could tell him we had met before under far different circumstances but he was called to the telephone, and I missed the chance to remind him of our previous meeting. Allow me to turn back the calendar to my salad days in California.

One Monday evening the phone rang at six o'clock. An agitated agent from the Wm. Morris Agency had a big problem.

Bob Hope was part owner of the Cleveland Indians baseball team. They had just won the World Series. Bob was entertaining them that night at his home, and the agent had promised to furnish some background music, but he had completely forgotten about it until his secretary reminded him a few minutes before.

The agent stressed the need for immediate action because the party was already in progress. I presumed he had intended to hire my Three Dons Trio (piano, bass and guitar) so I hastened to inform him it would be impossible to round up my colleagues on their night off. But he wasn't to be put off.

"That's all right; you can work as a single," he said. "If you'll go right over, I'll make it worth your time. How about $25.00 for a half hour or so?" Then he promised to give my trio strong consideration to be booked at a most coveted job, "The Town House" on Wilshire Blvd. This offer I couldn't resist.

I had a mental picture of that $25.00 check plastered over my next house payment. I accepted...but it didn't relieve my apprehension. Alongside the house payment picture was the vision of the

look on Bob Hope's face when a lone minstrel straggled in off the street dragging a guitar with the intention of entertaining a roomful of bigshots. Moreover the Three Dons were a tightly-knit group. We were used to leaning on one another. I had the feeling that I'd be lost when I found myself without the support of my confreres in the mansion of a millionaire.

So it was with a total lack of enthusiasm that I donned my white jacket and loaded my instrument into the $150 1929 model A Ford roadster I had purchased hot off the lot of Madman McGillicuddy with money I'd borrowed from my bass player. (Much to the surprise of the Hollywood and Vine crowd that car proved to be very dependable in spite of the fact that McGillicuddy was notorious for his enthusiastic practice of larceny.)

I had no trouble finding the Hope mansion on Moorpark Drive. The streets for three blocks around were lined with Rolls Royces, Cadillacs, and Continentals. They served as an unwelcome reminder of my entry into a strange and forbidding environment. As I trudged up the driveway every step seemed to take me farther from reality.

With my guitar case in one hand--and apprehension in the other--I rang the front doorbell. Bob's gracious wife, Dolores, responded with a smile. "Bob and the boys are partying in the other house," she said. "You're welcome to go on through and join in the festivities." As I walked through the empty living room, I passed by a bar where movie star Pat O'Brien was nursing a drink. His was a lonely and silent presence. He seemed totally encased within himself and isolated from the festivities "out back in the other house."

The "other house" was bigger than most homes in Spokane. I entered a side door, put my guitar case down and continued into the main room. Ever the genial host, Bob Hope was standing next to the heavily-laden serving tables. He stared at me for a second or two, and I could almost see the question mark over his head as he thought, "Now who in the world is this?"

Now I had been in Hollywood long enough to know the most important people on a movie set often are the least recognizable. That quiet man standing on the edge of the scene might be the producer, director, or even the owner of a studio. So the cardinal rule was: "Be Nice to Everyone (or at least until You Find Out Who They Are.")

Bob didn't recognize me, didn't know who I was, but I must be somebody important or I wouldn't be there. So, he did what any seasoned Hollywoodian would do, he strode up to me with a fixed grin on his face, clasped my hand and said enthusiastically, "Glad to see you! Are you hungry?"

At that moment, if I had retained even a small degree of common sense, I would have relieved the situation by saying something like "I'm a troubador from the William Morris Agency, sent out to entertain you and the Cleveland baseball team."

But the best response that I was able to muster was a wan smile, like a man who has just given up trying to get into a revolving door. I guess I must have been in a somnambulistic trance. The savory aroma of roast baron of beef teamed up with destiny...gluttony prevailed.

"I'm famished!" I muttered, grabbing a dish Bob pushed into my hand. Hope left to greet another latecomer, so I moved down the serving table heaping goodies from the Brown Derby kitchen on my plate.

My next problem was, where to sit? Every seat in the house was occupied, so I fell back on the old reliable directive, "When in doubt, leave by the same way you came in."

I retreated down the hall and found Bob's office. Seated at his mammoth desk (it seemed the size of a pool table), I looked down at my well-filled plate of choice foods and recalled the lean years when I spent too much time dining in third-class greasy spoon restaurants.

Actor Ray Milland entered the room to use the telephone. He'd forgotten his unlisted home phone number and was unable to persuade the operator to give it to him.

I told him the old vaudeville joke about the Beverly Hills Fire Department that was so exclusive it had an unlisted phone number. Milland was not amused.

After partaking of Hope's bounteous dinner, the baseball players started to leave for Bob's larger mansion. I began to feel uneasy because I'd been a dinner guest but had produced no music, no entertainment.

Picking up my guitar case, I trudged after them. As I entered the crowded

room, Hope looked startled upon seeing me again, but with polished poise, he pointed at my guitar and said, "Do you play that?"

"Certainly," I mumbled, masking a mild burp. "Play!" he ordered. He strode away with a "now I know who this guy is" look on his face.

I played and sang four choruses of his theme song, "Thanks for the Memory," but the room was noisy and no one paid the slightest attention. To be truthful, the crowd began to edge towards the exit in the middle of my third chorus.

Illustration from "Call Me Lucky"

With no audience I put my guitar in its case and shuffled towards the front door. I noticed Pat O'Brien was still leaning on the bar. He hadn't moved all evening.

At this late date you may ask why I tell this sorry tale of freeloading on Bob Hope.

Probably because occasional pangs of remorse have lingered in my psyche all these years. You see, I received a check for $25.00 from the William Morris Agency and I did sing four choruses of "Thanks for the Memory." Now at $4.00 per chorus that comes to $16.00. It's the $9.00 left over that troubles me.

So, if anyone travels to Palm Springs this winter and meets Bob Hope on a golf course, tell him Don Eagle in Spokane feels he owes him $9.00 for a wonderful dinner and he'll be happy to send a check, money order, cash, or S.H. green stamps to repay his kindness. Perhaps this might help ease my nagging sense of guilt.

My trio never did get that engagement at the Town House on Wilshire Blvd.

Crooner's grandson wed at GU

We imagine a few folks did double-takes last week when they saw the following listing in the marriage licenses: "Bing Crosby and Regina M. Liesche, both of Hayden Lake, Idaho."

Very funny, right?

Well, Bing is for real. He's the son of Phillip Crosby and the grandson of the original Harry Lillis "Bing" Crosby, and it says Bing on his birth certificate. No middle name. Just Bing.

Naturally, he goes by "Flip."

"You can imagine what kind of trouble you would have going through life being called Bing Crosby," said Ramona Liesche, a Hayden Lake attorney and mother of the bride.

It seems Flip/Bing, who was raised in Boise, met Regina when he spent summers at the old Crosby family place at Hayden Lake. When they decided to get married, they chose St. Aloysius Church at Gonzaga University--where the senior Bing, who grew up in Spokane, attended school.

After the ceremony Sunday, the couple posed for pictures by the Bing Crosby statue outside Gonzaga's Crosby Memorial Library.

"He looks like his grandfather," Ramona said of Flip/Bing. "You look at some of the pictures of the young Bing in the library, and the profile is the same."

She also assures us Flip/Bing sings beautifully, particularly for a football player, which he was at Boise State University.

"I know people in Spokane are really proud of their Bing Crosby connection," Ramona said. "This kind of brings things full circle."

--Rick Bonino in the Spokesman Review, Oct. 8, 1990. Article courtesy of Don Eagle.

Among the many gifts BING CROSBY left to the world, was the lifelong one he gave to opera star ANNA MARIE ALBERGHETTI. When she was just 15 and newly arrived from Italy, Bing took her under his wing as a costar in the 1951 film, Here Comes The Groom. Now, after an operatic career lasting many years. Anna Marie is making her own TV sitcom.

William Paley is dead at 89

NEW YORK (AP) — William S. Paley, the cigar-maker's son who bought a fledgling radio network for $400,000 in 1928 and turned it into the $3 billion-a-year communications conglomerate known as CBS Inc., died Friday. He was 89.

WILLIAM S. PALEY, FOUNDER OF CBS, DIED ON OCTOBER 26, 1990. THE PICTURES AND EXCERPTS ON THIS PAGE ARE TAKEN FROM HIS 1979 AUTOBIOGRAPHY ENTITLED "AS IT HAPPENED."

I first heard Bing Crosby's pleasant baritone voice while taking one of my marathon walks (in those days before jogging) circling the deck on the S.S. *Europa*, on my way to Europe for business in June 1931. Each time I circled the deck I would pass a teen-age boy on a deckchair, listening to a phonograph recording of the same song, "I Surrender, Dear." One voice on that record stood out, pure, dreamy, melodious with a unique phrasing of the lyrics. When I stopped to look at that record, there was the name in tiny print: "Chorus by Bing Crosby." Although he had sung with bands and singing groups before, I had never heard of him. But I cabled the CBS office: SIGN UP SINGER NAMED BING CROSBY.

When I returned, Ed Klauber told me that he and our programming people had decided to drop the project because they had learned that Crosby was unreliable, failing to show up for scheduled performances, in trouble with his union, and so on. I was furious. I explained to them rather forcibly that I was not trying to buy reliability but a unique and wonderful voice.

Within a week, Crosby came in from the West Coast, but accompanied by a very able lawyer, who had seen to it that NBC learned of my personal interest in his client. His price for Crosby was $1,500 a week on sustaining time and $3,000 a week if and when a sponsor was found. It was an astounding price at the time, in fact an outrage, but I did not want to lose him. I negotiated as hard as I could, but we finally settled for his asking price. Crosby got off to a rather rocky start at CBS, missing his own opening show, but there never was any question about the quality of his voice, and he went on to the pinnacle of success in the world of entertainment—radio, stage, screen, television, recordings, comedy, and, of course, golf. And there was nothing wrong with his reliability, either.

After winning Jack Benny, I went after Bing Crosby, whom I had wanted to get back on CBS for fourteen years. He had left CBS for NBC and then switched to ABC in 1946 when ABC was the only network which would allow him to pre-record his radio programs. He had been the first singing star to insist on recording his songs so that only his best renditions would go out over the air. NBC and CBS had a policy that everything the listener heard on radio was live. But late in 1948, with Crosby available, I changed my mind about our pre-recording policy. It seemed to me the public did not care that much about the issue. So I sang the praises of a new and dynamic CBS to Bing and offered to find him a sponsor who would sign a three-year, non-cancellable contract. Then I went to Liggett & Myers, makers of Chesterfield cigarettes, and announced that I was coming to them first but that I was in the position to sell Crosby, the top crooner in movies and on radio, to the first advertiser who would sign him to a three-year, non-cancellable contract at $20,000 a week for the whole program. They agreed without a squabble, but attached some conditions. When I telephoned Crosby with the good news, I was excited about getting him a sponsor so quickly. I spelled out the details and then told him his new sponsor's two conditions.

"They insist that you stop knocking cigarettes, Bing," I said.

"That's easy enough to do," said the imperturbable crooner.

"And you have to make it clear that you are associated with Chesterfields. They want you to carry a pack of Chesterfields with you when you go out in public."

"But," said Bing, after a long pause, "that'll make a bulge in my pocket, won't it?"

"Yeah," I told him, "and so will the $20,000 a week."

We announced the Crosby deal in mid-January 1949, which broke the dam. That month, Red Skelton joined CBS; in February, Edgar Bergen; in March, Burns and Allen. And then the flow became a steady stream: Ed Wynn, Fred Waring, Al Jolson, Groucho Marx; and Frank Sinatra, who had left us, came back.

For the performers—the talented men and women who put their careers, their reputations and their egos on the line every single time they reach out to an audience—the switch from radio to television was, in a word, terrifying. "Only one thing seems consistently apparent to me, and that is you just have to be twice as good on television as on any other medium." The man who wrote me that in a letter in 1949 was perhaps the best-known, most beloved star of radio and the motion pictures at the time: Bing Crosby. He had signed up to return to CBS Radio and I had written to him in California proposing that he consider a television variety series. His reply made the point: "Anytime you let down (on TV) for an instant you've lost your audience's interest, and it's a struggle to recapture it again." He turned down my offer, but said that he might "take a fling at it" in another year or so. He was sure he could do a good show, he said, but it would take a lot of work.

What bothered Crosby and many other stars was that in those days most television was live. Unlike the movies, one couldn't cover mistakes by retakes or choose between good, better, and best performances on successive takes. Bing had always preferred to use recordings for his radio performances. From any performer's point of view, live telecasts were akin to walking on a high wire without a net. And videotape would not be introduced until the mid-fifties.

Crosby was right to hedge at the start. A series is a weekly grind with a high risk of failure. Failure would diminish his drawing power in both movies and personal appearances. Nevertheless, I pursued him on the subject and Bing took his "fling," making his television debut on CBS in February 1951. But it was only a one-shot appearance. Not until 1964 did he consent to a weekly series, and that was as an actor in a domestic situation comedy on ABC, which lasted only one season. Thereafter, he confined his television performances to guest appearances and hosting "specials" which were videotaped.

More Crosby Correspondence

WITH CONTRIBUTIONS FROM BOB LANDRY,
AL SUTTON, LESLIE GAYLOR & PRISCILLA KOERNIG

Bing Crosby
Columbia Broadcasting System
New York City

October 11, 1934

Dear Miss Beggs:

Thanks for your letter and your interest. I appreciate any suggestions, and am always glad to know how the programs and pictures are received.

Vacation days are over for the time being and I am making a new picture titled, "Here Is My Heart". I will be on the air Tuesday evenings on the Woodbury program.

Will also be making many new recordings for the Decca Company, now in this country, but internationally famous.

The picture you requested is being enclosed herewith.

Again thanks and I hope my future efforts warrant your attention and approval.

Sincerely yours,

Bing

BC/gw

You'd be hard pressed to find a Crosby letter with content more interesting than this one sent in by Bob Landry. In it, Bing makes mention of his newest film, his current radio program, and his recent signing with Decca Records. The accompanying photo is the actual one sent with the letter. Two treasures from 1934!

In sincere
appreciation

REPUBLIC PICTURES

REPUBLIC PRODUCTIONS, INC.

REPUBLIC STUDIOS
4024 RADFORD AVENUE
NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

December 13, 1941

Mr. Bing Crosby,
c/o Everett Crosby Agency,
9028 Sunset Blvd.,
Beverly Hills, California.

Dear Mr. Crosby:

In our photoplay now entitled "SLEEPYTIME GAL" starring Miss Judy Canova, we contemplate using a scene showing Miss Canova singing and while doing so she points to the cover of sheet music on which will appear your photograph and name. While pointing at said sheet music she will utter part of the following song lyrics:

"I don't want anybody at all, if I can't have you,
I'll just wait until I get your call - no one else will do,
And if you never phone I know I'll be resigned.
My heart is all made up, and it won't change its mind.
No I don't want anybody at all, if I can't have you."

During the same scene while singing the remainder of the lyrics she will refer to other copies of sheet music showing the photograph and names of other well known artists.

If you can agree to permit us to make this use of your photograph and name will you please sign your name in the space provided for below and return a signed copy to us.

Very truly yours,

REPUBLIC PRODUCTIONS, INC.,

By E H Goldstein
Secretary-Treasurer

REPUBLIC PRODUCTIONS, INC.

I herewith grant you permission to use my photograph and name in your photoplay now entitled "SLEEPYTIME GAL" in the manner and for the purpose above described. This permission is granted to you, your successors, and any distributors and exhibitors of the above entitled photoplay.

Bing Crosby
(Bing Crosby)

A rarely-seen example of business correspondence involving Bing, courtesy of Al Sutton. Apparently life went on as usual for Republic Pictures just six days after Pearl Harbor.

Last up are three items from the nifty 50's. From this decade on, thanks in large part to his dictating machine, Bing's letters have a much more personal quality to them. As the two examples shown here illustrate, Bing obviously took great pride in giving more than just form-letter replies to what still must have been a sizable amount of incoming correspondence. I'm sure that on the occasion of his marriage to Kathryn that the newlyweds received a staggering amount of congratulatory cards and letters, and yet Bing thought it was important enough and went to great expense to make sure each was acknowledged with a card from him. --M.S.

Bing Crosby
Hollywood

Pebble Beach, California
January 5, 1955

Mr. Gordon Atkinson
CFRA
952 Winnington Avenue
Ottawa 3, Ontario, Canada

Dear Gordie:

Thank you so much for the nice Christmas present - the book about Canada. I haven't had a chance to read it yet, but I scanned through it quickly, and it looks like it's going to make absorbing reading, and certainly an interesting subject for me, because I have so many friends in Canada and think so much of my connections there.

Not much news to report except we are getting ready to start a picture soon with Donald O'Connor and Mitzi Gaynor and Jeanmaire, the French Ballerina, called "Anything Goes", based on the old Cole Porter musical, with many of the songs retained, but a new story.

Made some recordings from the picture "Country Girl" which I think turned out rather well, particularly one called "Love and Learn", which I did with Patti Andrews. I hope you will get a chance to hear these records when they come out, and that you will be able to use them on one of your radio outlets.

The very best to you and your family for 1955. As ever -

Your friend,

Bing

Bing Crosby

BC:lm

Gordon Atkinson Letter Courtesy of Leslie Gaylor

Bing Crosby
Hollywood

February 19, 1959

Miss Priscilla Koernig
349 Banks Street
San Francisco, California

Dear Priscilla:

Thanks for your note. I'm glad that you were able to get down to see the golf tournament in person. I must tell you, you got a real break too, because that's the best weather we've ever had. Maybe you're the one who brought it to us.

I'm glad that your girl friend got our picture together, and I'm sorry that you didn't see Kathryn. She was up there, but she had a lot of friends she was entertaining and a lot of things to do, and she really didn't get out on the golf course much. Maybe once or twice, I guess, is all.

Little "Tex" is doing just fine. He's very amusing at this age, and he keeps us entertained constantly. Of course there are occasions when he keeps us awake too, when we would rather be asleep, but that's just one of the things you must endure when you have small children around the house, and we don't mind it at all.

Mother had an operation for a cataract on one of her eyes, and it's been quite successful. She's going to see better I believe now, and is very happy about it.

Thanks again for your letter. Give my best to all the Club Members. As ever -

Your friend,

Bing

BC:lm

Bing Crosby

It was very thoughtful of you to congratulate Kathryn and me on our wedding, and we appreciate it.

We are very happy -

Sincerely,
Bing Crosby

Letter and Card Courtesy of Priscilla Koernig

A NOVELIZATION OF THIS SELDOM-SEEN CROSBY FILM

TOP o' the morning

● It's hard to tell, that it is, which of the two great events caused the grander excitement in the village: the incredible theft of the famous Blarney Stone, or the arrival of Joe Mulqueen to fulfill the prophecy.

There's surely no man living who has heard naught of the Blarney Stone. It's long been Ireland's fairest claim; for it is said that whoever kisses the stone will be forever blessed with the gift of sweet speech. So, that morning, when the watchman on his rounds discovered it had been removed from its place high on the north wall of Blarney Castle, near Cork, the news ran through the countryside like wildfire.

Briany McNaughton heard of it first, of course, for old Briany was the village's constable. He and his eager-faced helper, Hughie Devine, were off for the castle at once, pedaling their bicycles as if they were digging spurs into the wind. But there was little a man could tell from what was to be seen that morning at Blarney Castle. There was a gap in the wall where the great rock had been for long centuries, and there were already tourists gathered to stare at it—a hole the size of a flower box.

One in the crowd thought he had seen Cormac Gillespie loitering near the castle on the dark night before. Aside from that one slim fact, there was little enough for Briany to record in his notebook.

As events turned out, it was no consequence *what* he had written in the notebook. For he'd scarce got his questioning underway before Inspector Fallon arrived from Cork to assume charge of the investigation. So grave a happening to all Ireland was nothing to be left in the hands of a rustic officer, even though the crime had been committed within the McNaughton jurisdiction. Fallon took over. Briany went home.

Sure, that was a grave disappointment to Briany McNaughton. And as great a one to his pretty daughter Conn. Conn

TOP o' the morning

Briany had scarce got his questioning underway before Inspector Fallon arrived from Cork to assume charge of the investigation.

Conn McNaughton, sweet as a May morning, loved her old father. How could she find words to comfort him in his disappointment?

Adapted from the PARAMOUNT PICTURES Production—Produced by ROBERT L. WELCH—Directed by DAVID MILLER—Screen Play by EDMUND BELOIN and RICHARD BREEN—Fictionized by DAVID FRASER

Joe Mulqueen	**Bing Crosby**
Conn McNaughton	**Ann Blyth**
Briany McNaughton	**Barry Fitzgerald**
Hughie Devine	**Hume Cronyn**
Biddy O'Devlin	**Eileen Crowe**
Inspector Fallon	**John McIntire**
Cormac Gillespie	**Tudor Owen**
Pearse O'Neill	**Jimmy Hunt**

McNaughton was sweet as a May morning. And she loved her old father. How could she find words to comfort him? For thirty years, there'd been no such adventure in his village. His achievements had been bounded on the north by the catching of a hapless truant; on the south by arresting the thief of Muldoon's sheep. This great event might have been the proving of Briany, a chance for him to be given his just due. A small enough wish for one's father.

But Fallon was master. If Fallon said the Blarney Stone was more than a stone, a shrine for the world, a fine symbol for Ireland, and if he said the finding of it could not be left to a village constable with no background in modern police methods—well, then, the case lay beyond them.

Ah, but gossip about it did not lie beyond the tongues of the village. The old legend had said that one day the Blarney Stone would be stolen. And more: with its vanishing would come strange accidents and unhappy deeds. It would never have occurred to the villagers to question a legend.

It was a poor time for a stranger to appear among them, surely. And a poor place for him to appear was the graceful sweep of land at the rim of the lake below the castle. It was there that young Pearse O'Neill and some other lads first found him, pretending to paint fine pictures and making a great show of it, even though the daubs on his canvases were dismal.

Like the legend of the Stone, old Biddy O'Devlin's prophecy, as to the man who would win Conn McNaughton's heart, had long been village property. The conditions describing this man were rare and strange. And it wasn't just the lads that could vouch the stranger had filled the first of them. Had Biddy not said the man would come from the land's end and first be seen by the stream of Donal-a-Durrus, with a sword the color of blood on it? And had not Conn herself, washing towels in the stream, seen the one who said his name was Joe Mulqueen and he came from America—seen him rinse off in the waters the knife with which he'd scraped the red paint from his palette?

Many in the village greeted the new tidings romantically. But not Briany McNaughton. He'd no sooner heard of the stranger than he sent out Hughie Devine to arrest the man and fetch him in. Sure, and the fellow's explanation that he'd been near Blarney Castle only to paint seemed fair thin! His pictures were daubings, with no skill in them!

This American, this Mulqueen—who doubtless lied when he gave himself an Irish name—would have been locked away and no more to do about it, had he not found an old concertina on his cell shelf and begun to play on it. But who other than one of Irish blood could know *Kitty and the Pitcher of Milk* as this lad knew it? Even Briany tapped a toe, and Hughie grew ecstatic. It was a sweet song in the early tongue and sung by an angel.

The charges were dismissed at once, and Joe Mulqueen was invited to the party being held at Briany's house that night. He might have refused, but he glimpsed on Briany's desk a photograph of Conn—and he faltered. After all, he had seen the girl herself by the stream of Donal-a-Durrus.

After he had gone, Hughie began to beam about his singing and the fine look of him. But Briany spoke slyly. "Devine," he said, "that's our man! First, the Blarney Stone's stolen. Then, out of the morning, comes a man to loiter on the same spot. Remember a criminal always returns to the scene!"

"Briany!" Hughie gasped. "It was your poise tricked him! What do you—?"

"I'll fool him with friendship. We still have no evidence. While he's at my party tonight, Hughie, you'll be at his hotel room, securing it. For certain things, Briany McNaughton need not be bitten by a fox!"

Oh, it was a brilliant scheme. And the party at the house of McNaughton was gay enough to lull any man's suspicion—especially a man as easy-going as Joe Mulqueen. Briany had the gleeful thought that his reputation would be made this night. As for his beautiful daughter Conn, *she* was watching for the proof of Biddy O'Devlin's second omen.

There was music and dancing, drinking and laughter. There was also talk of the misfortune loosed on the village by the theft of the Stone. Three families out by Tommy Cregan's, and all their children down sick!

But Conn could think of nothing but the prophecy's second condition. *"He will come to the house in a coat of Glen Ainey, and the lining of it stained with a blade of grass from the grave of the dead kings."* Beyond that, there was the third condition. *"He'll sing like the imprisoned bird of Connemorra and release the twelve tawny geese."*

Oh, the prediction had been given to Biddy O'Devlin to lay upon someone; at the birth of Conn McNaughton, she'd said this was the way the girl would be loved—or never at all. Dancing with Joe Mulqueen, Conn couldn't forget it.

Old Biddy had said the man would come from the land's end and that he'd first be seen by the stream of Donal-a-Durrus.

On the way to the old abbey, Conn and Mulqueen stopped to look for a four-leaf clover. Conn had great faith in good-luck signs.

True, Joe's jacket was green. But it was the *lining* that was to count. She twisted her neck every which way, to catch a glimpse of that lining, as Mulqueen spun her about the room. When the music stopped, and they rejoined Biddy and Briany on the sidelines, she still hadn't seen.

"I wonder," she said right out, "if you'd tell me? The inside of your coat—it's of what color?"

"Grey," Mulqueen answered, perplexed. Conn's face fell. But Briany was grinning. "Grey is a nice color! Like rainy sky!"

Joe Mulqueen nodded absently, slapping at his pockets. "Lost my pipe," he mumbled, opening the jacket and feeling inside. "Oh, here it is."

Old Biddy was watching. "You have pockets inside?"

"Not exactly." Mulqueen slid out of the jacket to illustrate. "This is one of those reversible jackets." He turned it inside out, and slipped back into it with the grey side out. "Use 'em for hunting mostly. And mighty handy for a split personality." Conn was beaming, now, and Briany scowling.

"The way you're wearing it," she whispered, "the inside's green."

"Green as a blade of grass," said Mulqueen, jauntily.

Later, when a call came that chicken thieves were abroad and Briany must go to the village, he left his guest in Conn's charge —with a suggestion that she show him the garden. Conn was more than willing. As she and Mulqueen strolled under the darkling trees, her heart was a fair turmoil.

"It's a brave night," she ventured. "With the gloom gone to the hills and the sky at the end of your hand." A gentle cooing sound applauded her.

Mulqueen glanced about. "Somebody booing us?"

"It's Father's doves." Conn pointed out the waist-high pigeon hutch by the path. "You know, Joe Mulqueen, the first robins came from here. Some were caught in far-off places, and spoke in Gaelic hardly anyone remembers."

Pearse had been struck down by a rock, but he was not seriously injured.

Mulqueen shot her a look. "Listen, doesn't this stuff about robins—?"

"What nationality would *you* say a robin is?" Conn asked it softly.

"I never thought about it. What good would that do?"

"None, I suppose. But I've thought of a robin, and you have not. Sometimes we believe in fairy tales. But we know they're fairy tales. It's a better way to think of the fields we walk in, the men we'll marry."

Mulqueen slowed his walk. "How about those men?"

Conn shook her head. "I suppose, not enough prayers to St. Anne. The girls all pray to her—*Please, Saint Anne, get me a man.*"

"When she gets to you, Conn, I'll take five across the board." Joe Mulqueen's voice was soft. "That figure of yours—it's the reason silkworms were born. And, next to that red hair, I've seen prairie fires that would die of shame." He brought his face close to hers in the dark.

"Joe Mulqueen," she asked, quietly, "what are you doing?"

"Well—back home, this is called making a pitch."

"Back home, could I ask, is there such a thing as a slow pitcher?"

So Mulqueen relaxed. Swinging his jacket as they walked, he sang to her. A song called *You're In Love With Someone.* Was she? He didn't know—any more than he knew that the prophecy had spoken of one who would sing like the imprisoned bird itself, or any more than he realized his swinging jacket had knocked loose the catch on the door of the pigeon hutch. It was only Conn who saw one after another of the birds escape into the night. And Conn said nothing. They might not be geese and they might not be tawny. But there were twelve of them!

● Mulqueen was late getting back to his hotel room. But early enough to catch Briany and Hughie still at their searching. They had out the dictaphone on which he'd transcribed his reports for the office back in New York, and they looked sheepish at being caught with it. But Briany put on as bold a face as was possible.

"This is an official visit, Mulqueen," he announced, "and you can start by telling us the nature of this machine."

"You talk into it," Mulqueen answered. "Then it plays back."

"Have it play back, then." Briany scowled. "That's an order!"

So Mulqueen set the machine going. After an instant, his own voice came full and strong out of the small box. *"Manhattan Insurance Corporation. Investigation. First report on Blarney theft. Arrived on schedule, checked with Cork police—"* He lifted the needle quickly.

"Briany!" cried Hughie, in grief. "The man's a detective!"

Briany pointed to the box. "Play it, Mulqueen!"

The needle hit its groove once more. *"Proceeded to Blarney. Everybody in town must have kissed that Stone. One little guy named Devine acts as if he'd swallowed it. The local situation is run by a Briany McNaughton. Nice guy, but couldn't find a hangnail if you told him which hand it's on—"*

This time as the machine switched off, there was no command for a continuance. "Was there purpose in not telling us, Joe Mulqueen?"

"Call it orders." Mulqueen looked none too happy. "Well, now it's in the open, we can work together. I'll need your help."

Briany opened the door. "No, you won't. For, if you're not wise, you'll find a machine to make you so." He walked out slowly into the night.

Mulqueen glared at his dictaphone. "Yak, yak, yak!" he snorted.

● The McNaughton household was of divided opinion as to the prophecy, come breakfast time. Conn tended to credit it. Her eyes were dreamy. But Briany's were bitter. "Biddy O'Devlin!" was his way of saying it. "Any proper woman would have been dead years ago! I don't believe in the prediction. I detest the man. And that's the sum of my observation!"

Yet, later, he half-contradicted himself. "Conn," he demanded, "did you say how the fourth condition went?"

"It's one that couldn't be true, I'm afraid," she admitted. "It's said that he'll speak in a great voice, and the sound will come from small places not dreamed of." She paused there, for her father sat staring at her.

"Like from a—a little box, would you say, Conn?" Before she could question him as to that, he had started for the door. "Here I am now with a great crime to solve, and the daughter of my days listening to predictions!"

He kept up the muttering all the way to the police station.

There, he found Mulqueen and Hughie awaiting him. He'd have run the young American out of the village that very morning, he would have, had not Mulqueen mentioned the reward his company had posted for the arrest of the thief. Five thousand dollars, it was, and Mulqueen himself not eligible for it. But there was no regulation excluding the police, he said.

"Briany!" Hughie exclaimed. "To be rich! It comforts even the dead!"

"We'd have to work together on it—" Joe Mulqueen began. Only when Briany nodded, greed in his eyes, did he add: "Who's on your list?"

"Cormac Gillespie," said Hughie. "He was seen on the grounds. Oh, he's an ugly the Stone being gone."
man. And he's the only one to profit from

"How?" Mulqueen was looking at them, from one to the other.

Briany answered, "By buying up some of the farm land. With the accidents—cattle dying, and such—it's easy to find a man who'd sell cheap."

"Cormac has spoken to my cousin already," Hughie put in. "Asking if he'd sell his cattle. Oh, I'm dying to see the man hung! Five thousand dollars! The love of it!"

● His liaison with Conn's father was well enough, but Mulqueen knew that Inspector Fallon was the real authority. It was Fallon who put a vehicle check around the village, so the Stone could not be transported out of it. And Fallon's men discovered that Cormac Gillespie had, a few days before, purchased a block and tackle—that *might* have been for his farm or for the lowering of a certain weight from its high place. Mulqueen and Fallon understood each other, respected each other's abilities.

Sure, there was rare excitement in the village that next morning. On the rear of a truck parked at the post office, Hughie found a crate the size of a flower box, consigned to a farm in Scotland by Cormac Gillespie. His cries brought Briany on the double. But, after they'd located a crowbar and turned the crate over in the haste of opening it—over Cormac's dour protests—only nails poured out. Eight thousand nails, all on the ground, which must be sorted back to eight different sizes. The job fell to Hughie. Briany merely stalked off.

Conn remained to ask a question. Something her father had said had preyed on her. "Hughie," she wheedled. "The black box of Mulqueen's—what was it like?"

"A type of miracle." Down on his knees, Devine was picking up nails. "A small thing, with Mulqueen's voice coming out of it as clear as an April day." Eight thousand nails, to be sorted and counted!

"I'm off to Biddy's!" Conn cried. Her voice was a lark's at dawning.

Meanwhile, Briany had gone to seek out Joe Mulqueen. He was glum with disappointment. "Nails don't mean Cormac Gillespie is innocent."

"Agreed." Mulqueen nodded. "But I won't buy your motive."

"You don't think a man would commit one deed to cover up another?"

"He didn't cause these accidents that have been happening, McNaughton."

Briany looked shrewd. "But he *counted* on them! And, last night, Cormac spoke to Devine's cousin again. It was almost a threat. I tell you—"

"All right." Mulqueen sighed. "Let's go talk to this cousin."

But that was a conversation never to be held. On their very way, they sighted the little crowd—buzzing and babbling. Hughie Devine's cousin, so it seemed, lay dead. His cart had overturned and fallen on him. A terrible grief for Hughie! The black doings were going on and still on!

Hughie was keening when they found him. The air was loud with his mourning. "Oh, Thomeen! Fell down in the prime of his days! I was his only relation! Sprawled out on a little side road!" It was then, as the sad cries continued, that Mulqueen took his first sharp look at the man. Side road? But there'd been no mention of that. How could Devine know this detail?

He telephoned Fallon in Cork within the hour, asking him to come down and help investigate his hunch. Mulqueen was fairly convinced, already, that Briany had been right about one thing—the reason for stealing the Blarney Stone. But Briany would never agree on the name of the thief. . . .

When Conn arrived at the house of Biddy O'Devlin, hard by the Wood of Calee, she was bursting with news that the fourth condition had been fulfilled. Biddy, rocking in the sun, reminded her gently of the fifth, well known to all. *"You'll love him or no one at all; and, if your love is returned, he will tread heavily on your heart."*

Conn stared wistfully at the old, wrinkled face. "Biddy, to be loved in return—is there no way to guarantee it?"

Biddy considered. "Well, I could put a curse on him."

"I don't think a curse would be fair," Conn murmured, presently.

"No. Besides, it does little good to put a curse on Americans. They don't seem to know the difference." Biddy kept rocking, rocking.

"I'll have to prove it in my own way, then."

"You'll know. Then the last condition will follow. *"He'll bring honor to himself and the nine counties with a deed of great cunning."*

● On the way home, Conn encountered Mulqueen himself. He seemed to be searching for something on the side road. But he left his quest at sight of her. They strolled hand-in-hand across the field, stopping once to look for, and find, a four-leaf clover. Then they walked on toward the ruin of an old abbey.

"The old church was built a thousand years ago," Conn told him. He helped her up, and she began to walk along the low wall. "It's a day as cool as peppermint. You can hear every sound in the fields."

At the very end of the wall, a loose rock tipped with her weight. It would have spilled her, had Mulqueen not been there to catch her in his arms and lower her. Their eyes met. Mulqueen let go his grasp of her slowly.

Near the top of the hillock stood a massive tree. He looked at it in sudden wonder. Twined hearts were cut deep into the bark. One set of initials read "C.M." The other, "J.H." He pursed his lips as he sat down, his back against a stone, his feet stretched toward the old tree.

"That C.M.? Is that you?" He waited for her nod. "A big thing?"

"He was only ten and named Jim Hickey." Conn smiled. "They moved away. His father loved the sea, and there was little of it here."

"With you around, boys must have carved up most of Ireland."

She laughed. "Not so much. Though 'tis said the greatest pleasures in the world are reading of books and kissing of girls."

"How about you?" Mulqueen was looking straight into her eyes.

"I've been kissed. Sixty-seven times, but thirty were at fairs and parties and hardly count. Abbe Shea, lives down from us, kissed eighty-one."

"Is that the record? How would you like her to be runner-up?" He caught her to him warmly, strongly. "Abbe, you're a has-been!"

Conn quivered in his arms. When he let her go, she stared at him starrily. "Joe Mulqueen," she breathed, "you'll never need a library card!" And then she flung herself into his arms again. The kiss was her idea, this second time . . .

But the day was not to darken on happiness. They were back at the McNaughton place before suppertime, and Conn had set out food on the step in case a proud man who was hungry might be passing by, and they'd sung happy songs together, before they heard Briany's shuffling steps. He entered his

home, an old man, broken-hearted in the space of an hour.

"Father!" Conn trilled. "Joe has something to say to you!"

Briany looked stony. "You've said enough, Mr. Mulqueen."

"Father!" Conn cried out, bewildered. "What's the matter?"

"I've been taken out of my job. Ask Mr. Mulqueen. He called Inspector Fallon this afternoon. He told him of some secret plan he had. And he said they'd have to be careful of me—I'd be a problem."

It dawned on Mulqueen that he'd said this, yes. But his meaning had been different. His meaning had been that it would be difficult to convince Briany that his assistant could be a murderer. "Wait a minute—"

"You said it," Briany interrupted. "And I've been made assistant, where I can do no harm. Devine's been placed in my job."

Conn was staring at them. "But what has Joe to do with this?"

"You haven't been told he's a detective sent over to find the Blarney Stone. And he'll find it, for he's a man of great cunning." McNaughton turned and started laboriously up the stairs. Conn stared at Mulqueen.

"And he'll bring honor to himself and the nine counties with a deed of great cunning," she whispered. "Oh, it was cunning, Joe!"

"Look," begged Mulqueen. "Fallon got jumpy. I'll see him and—"

"Will you go, Joe?" She opened the door. "Please go! Your supper's on the doorstep. It's for beggars or those poor in spirit. Take your choice."

● Mulqueen wasn't feeling jaunty, exactly, when he returned, in the next morning's brightness, to the spot on the road where Conn had found him searching. This time, there was only the boy Pearse O'Neill passing by to pause with him. This time, he kept up the search. The lad moved beside him, attentively.

"What are we looking for?" he queried at last, eyes on Mulqueen.

"For the spot where that cart turned over on Hughie's cousin." And here, indeed, were the tracks. "It turned over as it came 'round the bend. And he was pinned beneath it. Then why didn't the wheels dig a path on the way around? It's smooth, except for this one spot. So? The cart *must* have been standing still when it tipped over. Now what would tip it like that?"

"A monsoon, maybe," said Pearse O'Neill. "A freak of nature."

"Or a man." Mulqueen straightened slowly. His face was set . . .

Conn chose that same morning sunshine for another visit to old Biddy. "Well," she said, finishing her report of last evening, "it's over, done."

"Except for him." Dread brooded deep in Biddy's eyes. "For there was one last condition, Conn. One I had no breath to tell you."

"Biddy, you'll have to say it." Conn looked suddenly uncertain.

Biddy nodded somberly. "The condition is: *'If you should turn him out of your house'* —and you did, Conn—*'then he will go to the Wood of Calee. There a song will be sung in the light of the moon. It will be interrupted by violence and will never be finished by man.'* The singer will die, Conn."

Conn stared back at her. "It doesn't mean that, exactly! Surely not! For none of the others have been exact! Ah, it's not true!"

"I've studied the phrasing, and that's the meaning of the last condition!"

"But there must be some way to keep him from the Wood of Calee!" How, though? For she hadn't the least notion where Joe Mulqueen might be found, and it was scarce likely he'd come seeking her—after last night. There was no way to warn him. All she could do was pray—until her knees ached. But that little, for Joe Mulqueen's sake, she would do.

● Mulqueen himself met Fallon's car in a street of Blarney. There he made his report as to the cart tracks, and told also of an afternoon conversation with Biddy O'Devlin which had yielded up a plan of action for the evening. Mulqueen made only one condition. Briany McNaughton must be part of it.

The afternoon wore on. Constable now, Hughie Devine was prancing like a show horse. But he grew sober enough after Mulqueen stopped by the jail to mention, casually, that the case was about to be solved by Biddy O'Devlin. A wise woman, she could piece things together. Tonight, at the hour of eight, all were to meet at her cottage.

No, Hughie was no longer prancing after he heard that. As for old Briany, he had not pranced all day. When Mulqueen told him Fallon wanted his presence at the house of Biddy O'Devlin at seven that evening, he stood sullen with the broom Hughie had given him to sweep out the jail, only nodding his head to indicate that he had heard . . .

Well, it was a happening not soon to be forgotten in the annals of Blarney. They were there, the lot of them, with the wood a massed darkness around them, on the dot of seven. But it was half an hour later before a scurrying figure crossed the moonlit field and crept up on the house.

Biddy sat inside by her fire, prepared to the last detail. They had hoped that Hughie might go in after her directly. But he heard a twig snap in the wood and, knowing the house was watched, he faltered. So they gathered out of the gloom, greeting him jovially, urging him inside.

Young Pearse O'Neill was stationed up the road, ready to sing out if anyone approached. Hughie looked like a dying man, but he had to enter with them. Biddy, in the firelight, did a good job of stalling and mumbling when Fallon told her to begin her story. But stall she did—until, from far off, they could hear Pearse's voice raised in the tune of *My Lagan Love*. Then Mulqueen knew his man was coming. He gave Biddy a signal nod.

"The Stone," she intoned, "was stolen to cover up a black deed. And the deed was the killing of Hughie's cousin."

Hughie's face was ashen. "That could be Gillespie! It could!"

"With the Stone gone," Biddy continued, "accidents were sure to follow. And this could seem like any of the rest." That was when the latch lifted softly. A lank figure crept in out of the night like a phantom.

"You're late, Gillespie," said Mulqueen, out of the gloom.

The figure at the threshold—Cormac Gillespie, no question—started in alarm. Then he twisted around and was gone in the night. They heard branches breaking. They were after him, pell-mell, boots thudding, shouts lifted. And Hughie ran with them—his face wild with relief, his breath sobbing.

"By the lower wood!" Briany bellowed. And the chase veered that way.

It was Joe Mulqueen who yelled to them to split up. They split up, each going a separate way. Which way Hughie would take, he had little doubt.

For the swiftness of it, however, even he was not quite prepared. Not until he heard Pearse O'Neill sing out again in the dark did he realize his killer had doubled back already toward Biddy's cottage. Then—and Mulqueen felt a stab of alarm—the song broke on a high note. But he had not time now to search for Pearse. He had to head back to the cottage, taking Briany along.

Hughie was there already, leather thong between his hands and held to Biddy's wrinkled throat, when the two of them broke into the firelit room. The trap had been sprung. They had their killer red-handed.

He turned toward them in dumb frenzy. "Briany!" he sobbed. "They've played a terrible trick on me!"

Briany only stared at him. "Did you need your cousin's money so much?"

"You'd understand, Briany! For dressing up and the like—and for the traveling! There's a place in Italy—they have lakes running down the middle of the streets!" He'd caught up a poker, dropping the thong. But, when Briany stepped close to him, Hughie had not courage to use it. It fell with a clatter. He covered his face. "Oh, Briany! Please, Briany—"

"You were a scant man, after all, Hughie," said Briany, sadly.

● After the police had carted off their prisoner, spitefully silent now, and refusing to tell where he'd hidden the famous Stone, hating them all because they'd used Cormac Gillespie to fool him and make him think only old Biddy had the right answer, there was time for the others to attend to Pearse O'Neill.

The boy had been struck down with a rock. Doubling back, Hughie had recognized his sudden song as a signal. But he was not seriously injured. They had him resting in Biddy's cottage when Conn burst in, breathless from the long run which had started when she heard in the village that Joe Mulqueen was out by the Wood of Calee. She hurled herself against him.

"Joe!" She was sobbing. "Nothing's happened to you, Joe?"

Biddy answered, darkly, "It was the boy O'Neill did the singing."

Conn gasped. "The last condition? No, Biddy, it mustn't be fulfilled! It would be cruel for the boy to die!"

"The boy will be all right," Biddy answered. "I was befooled by the words. *A song will be sung—and interrupted by violence—and never be finished by man.* But finished it will be by the *boy* O'Neill!"

So, later, Conn and her father and Mulqueen began their homeward trek over the silvery fields, escorting Pearse O'Neill to where he lived. And, boylike, when he came to the ruined monastery, Pearse wanted to walk the low wall instead of the easier grass. He did so. When he came to the end of it, the same loose slab which had almost thrown Conn tripped him up. It was a stone about the size of a flower box. And that was fair odd, a loose stone in this place which had stood through the hundreds of years.

Mulqueen stood staring at it. Then he lifted his voice and shouted back toward the cottage. "Fallon!" Briany dropped down on the slab, weary, as Mulqueen called, "Fallon! The Stone, the Blarney Stone!"

Well, it was Briany McNaughton the police found seated on the missing relic when they arrived. And that it was the Blarney Stone, indeed, no one questioned after its description was checked with official records. Hughie had hid it in a fair crafty spot, after all: so obvious but so safe.

But all that, in this one silver-mooned moment in the fields, lay in the future. So did Briany's hour of glory in the village. So did that fine reward which made Conn McNaughton an heiress, so to speak, when she fulfilled the prophecy by becoming the bride of Joe Mulqueen. In the present, while Fallon's men were still coming, there was only Briany sitting on his great future, and Joe holding *his* future close in his arms—while Pearse O'Neill made off for home, singing like a thousand nightingales in the tower of jade by the sea of dreams.

THE END

A POSTSCRIPT --

Should you ever spot this 1949 epic in your TV listings, you will endear yourself to at least 1/2 the membership by simply taking a second to pop a blank tape in your VCR and recording it for all to share electronically at a later date. For some unknown reason, this film alone has eluded capture by even the most ardent Crosby videophiles.

Please see the video section elsewhere in this journal for news of the possible commercial release of "Top o' the Morning" by Paramount Home Video. --M.S.

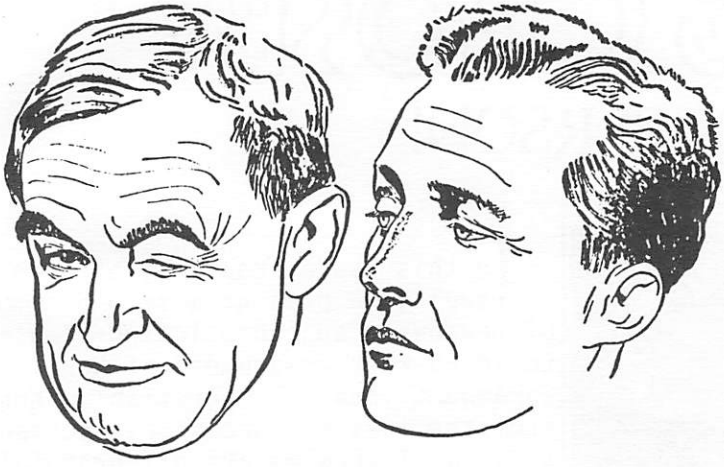


Photo-Plays

A Bing Crosby-Barry Fitzgerald Adventure Told in Comics

St. Patrick's Day was close by when Barry Fitzgerald and Bing Crosby sat chatting between scenes of their film "Top O' the Morning." Barry was bewailing the fact that here no one thought of celebrating on St. Patrick's Day as they do in Ireland

Bing, listening, suddenly had an idea. As soon as Barry left, he rounded up the cast, told them of his plan

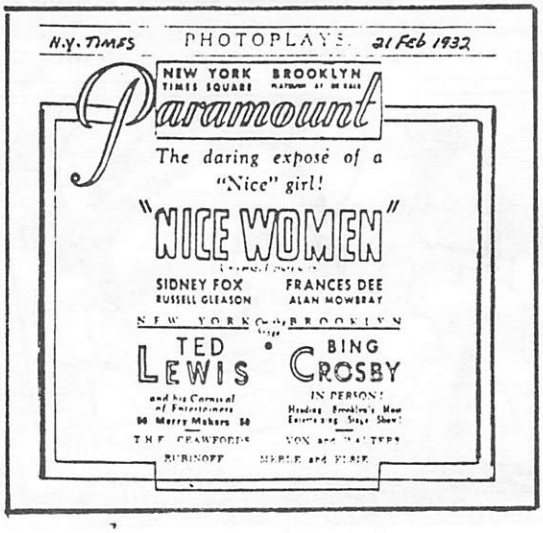
But everyone was busy, it seemed. Puzzled, Bing hurried over to the crew—but they were all busy, too!

Brooding, Bing sat waiting for Barry on St. Patrick's Day. He was still disappointed about his party plans

Suddenly, everyone was crowding around a surprised Bing—the guest of honor at a St. Pat's party planned by Barry!

BING CROSBY
IN PERSON!

In this issue, courtesy of Jean-Paul Frereault, we present a second sampling of newspaper ads chronicling Bing's historic 29-week engagement at New York's Paramount Theatre. Regrettably, none from the last six weeks have surfaced yet, but I know we are all grateful for those Jean-Paul has been able to provide thus far. M. S.



"TERRIFICALLY AFFECTING!" —World-Telegram

"Audience breaks into cheers." —Graphic

"More and more stirring." —Times

"Greatest talking picture ever made." —Eve. Post

First Time AT POPULAR PRICES

"BROKEN LULLABY"

formerly

"THE MAN I KILLED"

A Paramount Picture with

LIONEL BARRYMORE NANCY CARROLL

Plus Spectacular All-Star Stage Shows

at NEW YORK

Inimitable Comedy Stars

YORKE & KING

Hilarious Originators of Tintypes

Madeline Killeen

The Reilly Kids

Rubinoff & Orchestra

Extra Attraction!

Star of "The Desert Song"

IN PERSON!

ALEX GRAY

Robust Baritone Sensation Chesterfield Radio Hour

at BROOKLYN

3rd Sensational Week!

BING CROSBY

Bringing all of his movie tricks —plus his batchs melodies!!

Fields, Smith & Fields

The COLLETTE SISTERS

direct from Ziegfeld's "Follies"

KENDALL CAPPS

MERLE and ELSIE

Special Attraction

BURNS & KISSEN

Comedy Stars of Song!

NEW YORK TIMES 26 Feb. 1932

Starts TODAY!

Doors Open 10:30 A. M.

NEW YORK TIMES SQUARE and BROOKLYN FLATBUSH at DE KALB

Paramount

17th Week

N. Y. TIMES 6 MAR 1932

NEW YORK TIMES SQUARE BROOKLYN FLATBUSH at DE KALB

Paramount

THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN!!

Intimate . . . Embarassing!

Boudoir Adventures of a Bold Masquerader!

"STRANGERS IN LOVE"

A Paramount Picture with

FREDRIC MARCH - KAY FRANCIS

ON THE STAGE AT NEW YORK

Mme. LUISA TETRAZZINI IN PERSON!

World Famous Opera Star

Johnny Burke

Famous Musical Comedy Star

AYRES and RENE CO.

JESSE CRAWFORD

ON THE STAGE AT BROOKLYN

BING CROSBY

In a Surprise Program

YORKE & KING

International Comedy Stars

RUBINOFF

Master of the Violin

MERLE & ELSIE

18th Week

N. Y. TIMES 20 MAR 1932

NEW YORK BROOKLYN

Times Square Flatbush at De Kalb

Paramount

ON THE STAGE

NEW YORK PARAMOUNT

Complete! A B'way Musical Show Exactly As Presented For More Than One Year At the Selwyn Theatre!

"THREE'S A CROWD"

Max Gordon's production.

FRED ALLEN TAMARA GEVA

Staged by Hassard Short

Dances by Albertina Rasch

ON THE STAGE BROOKLYN

POLA NEGRI IN PERSON!

In Sensational Playlet by JACK LAIT Plus "International Revue" — cast of 40

Farewell Week!

BING CROSBY

Singing His Famous Hits!

ON BOTH SCREENS

Love Life of a Taxi Dancer!

"DANCERS IN THE DARK"

A Paramount Picture with

MIRIAM HOPKINS JACK OAKIE LYDA ROBERTI

EUGENE PALLETTE WILLIAM COLLIER, Jr.

20th Week

NEW YORK BROOKLYN

Times Square Flatbush at De Kalb

Paramount

TODAY

First Time on Broadway

POLA NEGRI IN PERSON

—On Both Screens—

Thrilling exciting drama of a girl who knows men are stupid —who steps them cold with tricks they never heard of!

"The WISER SEX"

A Paramount Picture with

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

MELVIN DOUGLAS

LILYAN TASHMAN

WILLIAM BOYD

ROSS HAMILTON

FRANCHOT TONE

On the Stage of BROOKLYN PARAMOUNT Theatre

A Grand New Show with top casts!

BING CROSBY Singing the songs you love

JOHNNY BURKE THE THREE SWIFTS

AYRES & RENE CO. MERLE & ELSIE

THE PARAMOUNT CONCERT ORCHESTRA

in Sunday overture "Melodies of Erin"

NEW YORK TIMES 11 MAR 1932

19th Week

THIS *IS* BIG SHOW VALUE! » » Nowhere such entertainment at admission prices of 40c 65c 85c

— *On the Stage* —

GEORGE JESSEL'S "Joy Jamboree"

All Headline Revue of Stars from Stage, Screen & Radio — *Together* IN PERSON!

TODAY!

Doors Open 10:30 A.M.

★ GEORGE JESSEL
★ BING CROSBY
★ LILLIAN ROTH
★ BURNS & ALLEN
★ MR. & MRS. JESSE CRAWFORD
★ RUBINOFF
★ TRAINOR BROS.
★ BINES DANCERS

New Gags! New Songs! New Skits!

Sketches especially written by GEORGE JESSEL and EDDIE CANTOR

— *On the Screen* —

Romance Alive with Thrills!

A fiery senorita two-timing her bandit sweetheart for a love that crashed out of the sky!

The BROKEN WING

A Paramount Picture with

LUPE VELEZ
LEO CARRILLO
MELVYN DOUGLAS
GEORGE BARBIER

NEW YORK TIMES 25 MAR 1932

NEW YORK TIMES SQUARE

Paramount

21st Week

NEW YORK TIMES SQUARE and BROOKLYN FLATBUSH at DE KALB

Paramount

TODAY! Doors Open 10:30 A. M.

She Took The Easiest Way!

Love with a price tag! Kisses—affection—caresses *for sale!*

BARBARA STANWYCK

in

Shopworn

A Columbia Picture with

Regis Toomey - Zasu Pitts
Lucien Littlefield

On the **NEW YORK** *Stage!*

Glamorous Chinese Star of Stage and Screen

ANNA MAY WONG *IN PERSON!*

WALTER O'KEEFE
NELL KELLY
YOUNG CHINA
The Jesse Crawfords

BING CROSBY

Singing New Melody Hits For You!

On the **BROOKLYN** *Stage!*

The Hit Shows of Broadway
All Headline Stars, Together
IN PERSON!

GEORGE & JESSEL
LILLIAN ROTH
BURNS & ALLEN
Trainor Bros. Johnny Green
Alfred Chigi 24 Bines Girls
Merle Clark & Elsie Thompson

N.Y. Times 1-APR 1932

22nd Week

NEW YORK TIMES SQUARE and BROOKLYN FLATBUSH at DE KALB

Paramount

N.Y. Times 10 APR 1932

EXTRA! FIRST TIME IN HISTORY... BRINGING BACK THE BIGGEST STAGE SHOW EVER PLAYED ON B'WAY.

On Both Screens

The Screen's Loudest Laugh!

"The MISLEADING LADY"

A Paramount Picture with

CLAUDETTE COLBERT
EDMUND LOWE STUART ERWIN

On the **NEW YORK** *Stage*

★ GEORGE JESSEL
★ BING CROSBY
★ BURNS & ALLEN
★ LILLIAN ROTH
★ RUBINOFF
★ MR. & MRS. JESSE CRAWFORD
★ TRAINOR BROS.
★ BINES DANCERS

On the Stage of the BOOKLYN *Paramount*

ANNA MAY WONG *IN PERSON* GEORGE DEWEY WASHINGTON

Chinese Stage and Screen Star *The Vagabond Singer of Magic Melodies*

with WALTER O'KEEFE, NELL KELLY, YOUNG CHINA *& Star Cast of 50*

23rd Week

1931

JANUARY						
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DECEMBER						
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Remember when using these calendars that the theatre's week began on Friday with a new picture and stage show, running through the next Thursday.

On this page are three more early ads from the same period. The first announces Bing's radio debut, which wound up being cancelled several times before actually taking place on Sept. 2, 1931. Enroute to New York to resume his radio programs after making "The Big Broadcast" in Hollywood, Bing stopped in several large cities to appear on stage in person. This great clipping from Bob Landry's collection announces his Chicago engagement. And finally, Bing appears once again at the Paramount Theatre but this time on the screen as the star of his first feature-length motion picture! Thanks again to Jean-Paul and Bob for sharing these treasures with all the members.

Bing Crosby, Baritone, Who Will Begin a Series of Broadcasts Tomorrow at 11 P. M., at Which Time He Will Sing Daily Except Sunday. Over the WABC Network.

The New York Times, Aug. 30, 1931

Bing Crosby, popular Columbia baritone, who is putting in a week of personal appearances at the Oriental Theater in Chicago. Crosby began his singing career in California as a protege of Paul Whiteman.

October, 1932
Chicago

The New York Times, Oct. 16, 1932

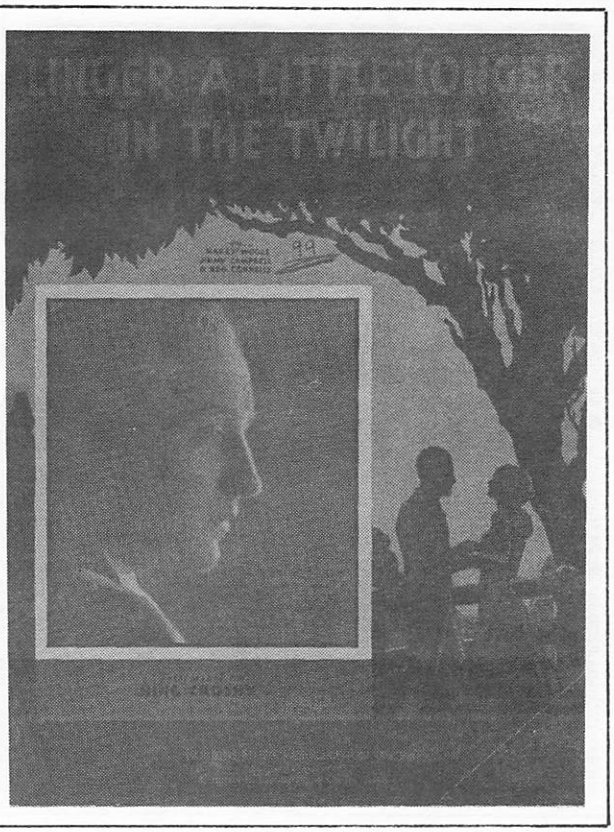
Young Bing On Sheet Music

--PHOTO COURTESY OF CHARLES BAILLIE
--SHEET MUSIC FROM MARK SCRIMGER'S COLLECTION

1931-1933

Charlie Baillie's wonderful photograph of Bing circa 1933 on the title page was the inspiration for this article on early Bing Crosby sheet music. Although my collection contains only about half of the almost two dozen pieces shown on Bing's wall (The three on this page are examples), I thought you might be interested in seeing others from the same time period, each featuring a different portrait of young Bing from early on in his career. You'll note that only about half are tunes that Bing actually recorded or sang on his radio programs. The rest are of somewhat lesser renown most likely bearing Bing's likeness strictly to help boost sales for a host of different music publishing firms.

--M.S.



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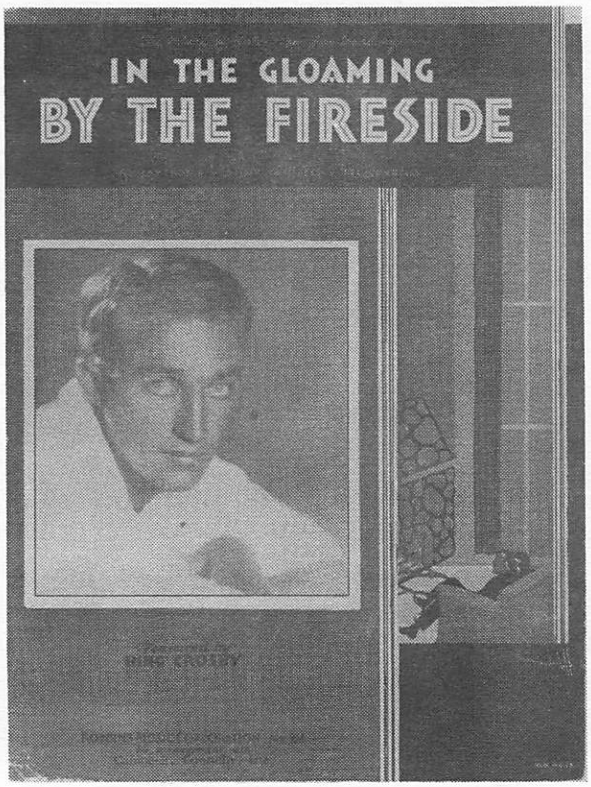

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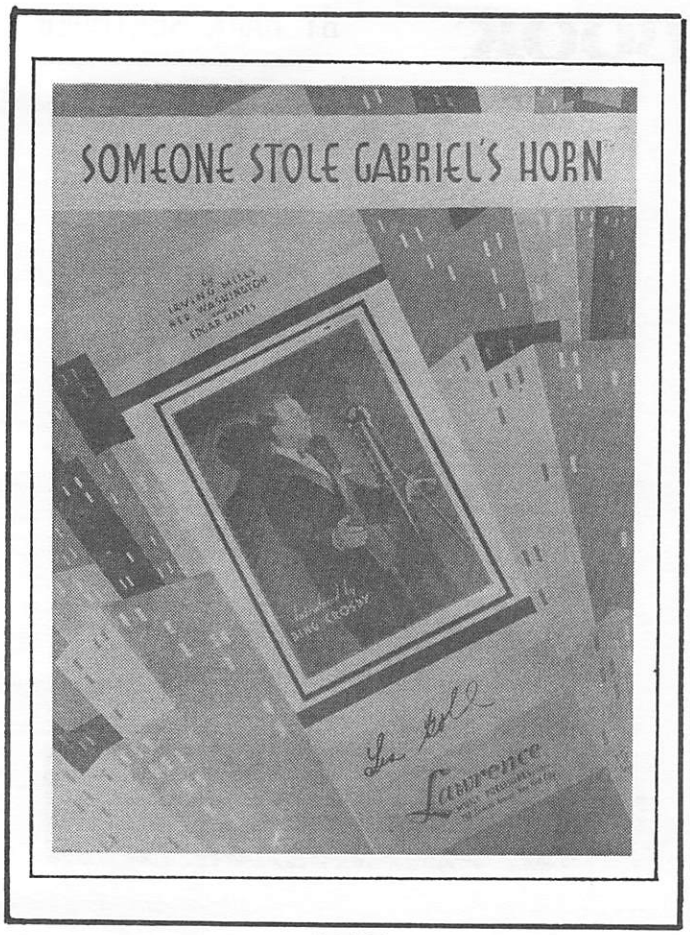

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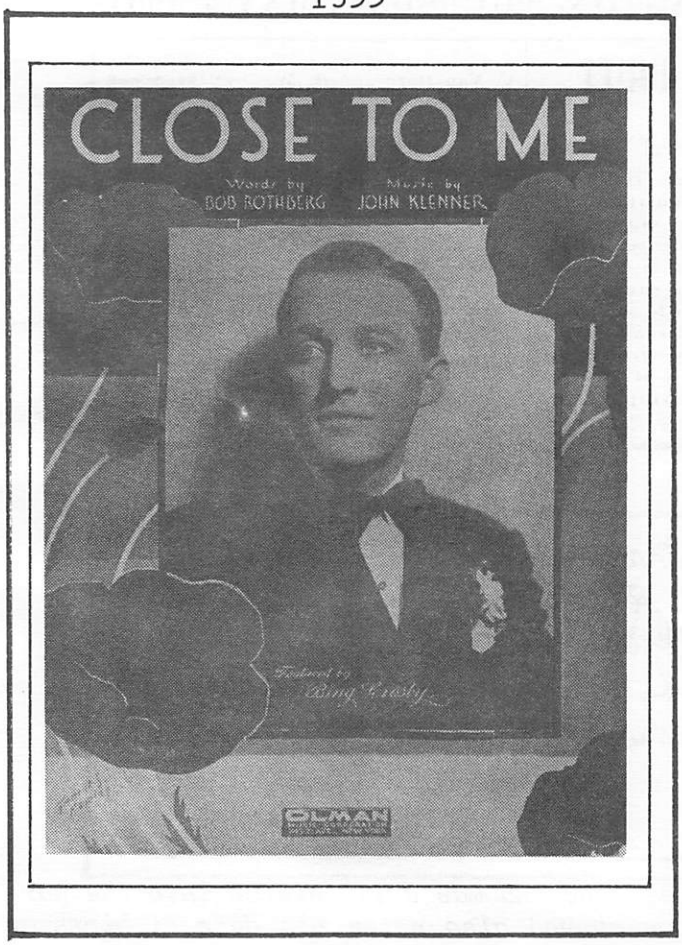


1933

1933

TACOMA SCRAPBOOK

BY MARK SCRIMGER

The TACOMA DAILY NEWS

Wed., May 6th, 1903

Hotel Samson—American and European plan, 13th and E Sts. Fine lobby and ladies' parlor. Rooms 25c to 75c per day—with meals, $1 and $1.25. Special rates by the week or month. •

Pianos, Cromwell, P. O. Blk. •

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Crosby are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a son at their household May 3.

The EVENING NEWS is on sale regularly in Seattle at the following news stands: Northern Pacific depot; Rainier-Grand hotel, Seattle hotel, Butler Hotel, Hotel Cecil, Northern hotel, Interurban terminus, James Hefferman, Columbia and Second; Lyons & Co., Pike and Second; Sutton & Wilson, Occidental avenue. •

White Down Flour, made in Tacoma. •

Bing Crosby's birthplace at 1112 North J Street and the plaque that was later placed on its front steps. The birthdate has later proven to be inaccurate even though Bing himself endorsed it during his lifetime.

DAILY LEDGER, TACOMA, WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, MAY 7, 1903.

CITY NEWS IN BRIEF.

C. Wood left yesterday afternoon by the Shasta route for El Paso, Tex.

"That rich copper mine. Improvements have been made on the property which will now enable the miners in sinking a working shaft to dump the ore, as it is hoisted, into their own car and running it about a quarter of a mile on their own iron track tram railroad, dump it down a chute into an ore bin on their own dock, whence it can be loaded into vessels and shipped direct to the Tacoma smelter." •

coma National bank vs. Otis Sprague, C. Van Horn and R. W. Derrickson was granted yesterday by the court, and an order was issued by Judge Chapman to that effect

Butter! Butter! Butter that's Butter. Butter at prices, butter the other fellow's butter. Get your butter at C. H. Plass, the grocer, 724 Pacific ave. •

A little son arrived May 3 in the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Crosby.

A reception and dance is to be given this afternoon from 3 to 6 on board the United States battleship Wisconsin, to which a number of society people have been invited.

Registrum Baptizatorum Ecclesiae

NOMEN. Crosby

Die 31a mensis Maii A. D. 1903

baptizavi Henricum Lillis

nat die 3a mensis Maii A. D. 1903 ex Henries C. Crosby & Catharina Harrigan

Patrini fuerunt Franciscus Harrigan & Edith Carley

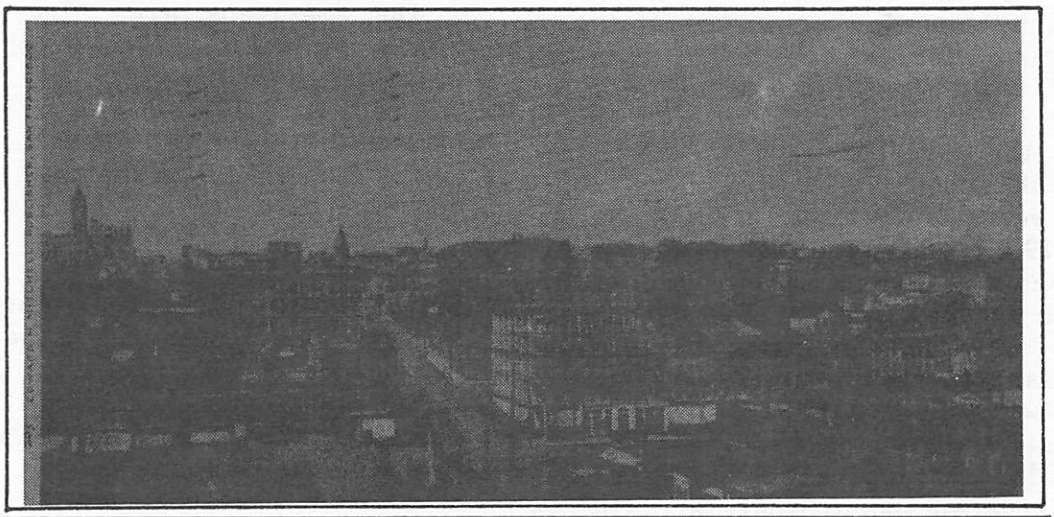
Adnotationes:

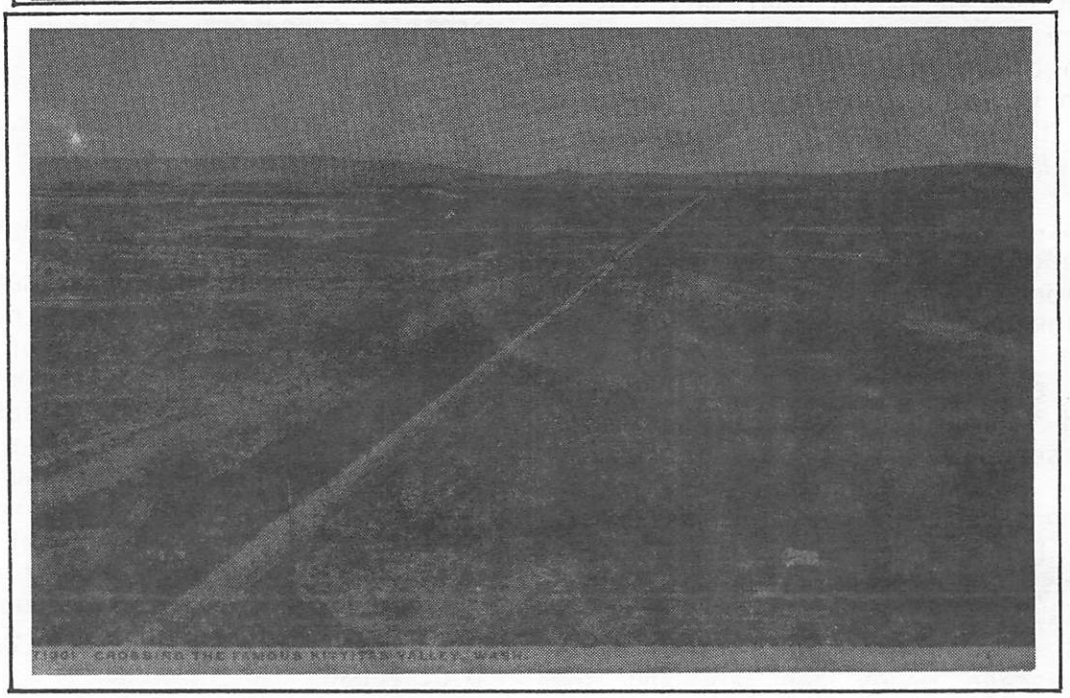
Aut. LeBlanc

Nomen Alice Katheryn Crosby
-Grandchild of St Anne
Las Vegas Nev
October 25 1957
Rt Rev Msgr - J J Lynn

Bing's baptism took place on Sunday, May 31, 1903 and was duly entered into the parish records. The baptism certificate (shown above) also notes his date of birth as being May 3, 1903.

This top picture shows Baby Harry being bussed by his Aunt Annie Walsh (his mother's sister) perhaps on the front steps of the J Street home. The middle picture--of Tacoma--is taken from a postcard postmarked 1905 on the reverse. In the bottom picture (also a postcard) we see a train similar to the one Bing and his family must have traveled on as they headed eastward across Washington State to relocate in Spokane in the summer of 1906.





Bing and the Vietnam War

By Pete Cakanic

Vietnam has been called America's first "rock and roll" war. Most music broadcast over Armed Forces Radio during that hectic period was rock.

Paradoxically, when a signal, a code, an alarm, whatever, was chosen to announce it was time for Americans to move to a secure zone for evacuation when Saigon fell, the cue was the one voice universally recognizable and unmistakably belonging to "Uncle Sam Without Whiskers."

Information has been published previously that Bing Crosby was opposed to the Vietnam war. It has also been reported that he was one of a consortium of wealthy men who attempted to raise ransom money for the release of American POW's in Nam. In an interview in 1976, he told jazz critic Nat Hentoff, "I was against the war, but I didn't know what I could do about it."

Ten years after the fall of Saigon (April 1975), National Public Radio produced "Goodbye Saigon--Hello Ho Chi Minh City," a program that reconstructed that sad day. It was rebroadcast on the 15th anniversary this past April.

Following is a brief review of that broadcast, which I found quite touching, especially learning that Bing did play a role in the ending of that terrible experience.

Much of the dialogue is with reporters who were there on that day; some of it is tape from original broadcasts. Sound effects consist of booming anti-aircraft batteries and the flutter of helicopter rotors. The latter, it was observed, "filled the skies over Saigon like flocks of wild birds."

Following the opening remarks, the program switches to the voice of a young, exhausted Navy pilot, 2nd Lt. Richard Van de Gere, sending a message via cassette tape to a stateside friend.

In a bone-weary voice, hesitant and slurring speech, He tells of just arriving in Bangkok on R&R "after 40 hours of almost continuous rescue missions in Cambodia."

"All I want is a bottle of gin...the best massage money can buy and some sleep...maybe it can wipe out the memory of what I have seen."

Then, changing back to interviews, reporters relate events as they remember them. One notes, "Saigon until now felt very little of the war." The cabarets, fancy restaurants, and hotels catering to military brass, state department personnel and journalists were always open, nourished by the $30 billion the U. S. had pumped into Vietnam.

But the city was now under siege. "Forget the story I sent an hour ago. Saigon is surrounded." One by one, journalists review the day.

The main airport was closed and a plan had been worked out to get the rest of the Americans out. "The playing of 'White Christmas'--Bing Crosby's 'White Christmas'--followed by the announcement that 'it is 105 degrees in Saigon' was the cue that Americans were to report to a safe zone for evacuation," a Canadian reporter told N.P.R. It was not disclosed who commanded the use of Bing as the signal.

Word spread quickly. Panic was in the air. The Vietnamese heard about the cue before it was aired. Chaos prevailed. There was a rush to the American embassy. Elite marines had to hold the hordes back.

The introductory strains of John Scott's orchestra, familiar the world over came in, and then Bing..."I'm dreaming of a White Christmas...with every Christmas card I write...May your days be merry and bright...And may all your Christmases be white."

"And so ends the American experience in Vietnam," NPR intones.

Although he didn't speak out publicly of his opposition to the war, Bing did have a "voice" in its end. For a man not fond of rock music, it might have brought him a wee bit of pleasure if he was advised his best-selling record spelled out "fini." Can't you hear that dulcet chuckle and Bing saying incredulously, "Really? Well how about that!"

Ed. Note: The tape is available (with a catalog) thru National Public Radio Cassettes, 2025 M Street NW, Washington, D.C. 20036.

Mary Martin

A Tribute

By Gregg Hammond

Born on December 1, 1913 in Weatherford, Texas, Mary Martin's career was influenced and helped by Bing Crosby.

In an interview Mary remembered that she was working at the Casanova Club on Sunset Strip in Hollywood. Bing used to come in and hear her sing after shooting at his studio. Several years later, while working in a film, Bing said, "You sound like somebody I knew a long time ago. I never knew her name and I tried to find her for years, but I never knew what happened to her."

Mary continued: "Well, I used to try to sing like Bing, so I said, 'Did it go like this? Shoeshine Boy--buh, buh, buh, boo, boo!'"

With a look of recognition, Bing exclaimed, "I don't believe it! Are you the little girl?"

Mary thought it was rather ironic that after several years, "here we were starring together."

After being a smash on Broadway singing Cole Porter's "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" in "Leave It to Me," she was signed by Paramount in 1939. Her first film was "The Great Victor Herbert." Her second film was "Rhythm on the River" with Bing and was directed by Victor Schertzinger. The New York Post said of the film: "The picture has seven songs...though it is possible that Bing Crosby and Mary Martin sing them so well that they seem better than they actually are."

In 1941 Mary made three more films, including "The Birth of the Blues" with Bing. This turned out to be one of her best film roles and was well received by audiences and critics alike. The New York Times said: "For sweet and fancy singing that makes your muscles twitch, there is Mr. Crosby and Miss Martin doing truly delightful things with "Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie" and a new number, "The Waiter, the Porter and the Upstairs Maid." This film was also directed by Victor Schertzinger, who unfortunately died soon after its completion.

On July 31, 1941, Mary guested for the first time with Bing on the Kraft Music Hall. She and Bing dueted on "Ruben and Rachel." Miss Martin must have come over well on the air, and obviously Bing enjoyed working with her, because when Connee Boswell left the program at the end of 1941, Mary took her place.

"Rhythm on the River" (Paramount, 1940): Bing and Mary Martin.

She was on the program from January 1, 1942 until November 5, 1942. Mary and Bing dueted on many numbers including "Rose O'Day" and "Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie." On March 5 Jack Teagarden joined them for "The Waiter and the Porter and the Upstairs Maid." Other duets were "We're the Couple in the Castle," "I'll Be With You in Apple Blossom Time," and "Lily of Laguna."

She did not share the mike with Bing again until after her success in "One Touch of Venus" and "South Pacific." Bing grabbed her for a guest spot on one of his trips to New York, while Mary was still appearing in "South Pacific."

Her next appearance with Bing was his Christmas special of December 24, 1962. With music by Andre Previn and sketches by Bill Morrow and Max Wilk, this was a big production. It was also ABC television's first color special.

This is possibly the last time Bing and Mary worked together, although I have a feeling that they were probably on "The Hollywood Palace" together sometime in the sixties. If anyone knows for sure, I'd appreciate the information.

Most will remember Mary Martin as Peter Pan, but I'll always remember her as Cherry Lane, Betty Lou Cobb, and on the Kraft Music Hall.

As Mary said of Bing, "I felt very fortunate to be a part of his life when I made those pictures with him." And we all feel fortunate that Mary Martin worked with Bing.

BIG NEWS ABOUT BING!

Bing Crosby, radio's champion crooner, may become one of the screen's greatest favorites

By Dena Reed

Bing, who got his name from a comic strip, wanted to be a lawyer. Fate intervened and made him a singer. Now a new twist of circumstances gives him a chance at movie stardom

BEFORE long, Clark Gable may have a serious rival in the person of Mr. Bing Crosby, the romantically-inclined gentleman whose radio croonings are the current delight of a million or more listeners.

The skeptics may pooh-pooh the idea, but it is more than a slight possibility, for Bing has been offered a contract to make feature-length pictures. Already having faced the camera in his comedies for Mack Sennett, Bing is giving the proposition serious consideration. Is that news or isn't it? We say so! And a million radio fans are sure to agree.

But Bing takes this possibility for a new career quite calmly, since he has no illusions about his talents.

"I don't want to play The Great Lover," he says, "and make the mistake that Rudy Vallée did in pictures, by trying to carry the whole thing myself. If this deal goes through, I'm to have good stories and be surrounded by a first class cast with big names. I'll be given a chance to play parts that suit my personality.

"The studio wants me to make *Wild Waves,* the New York stage play concerned with a radio singer with an inferiority complex, but I've submitted another story that was written for me. It's laid in a radio station, too. The plot deals with a girl who falls in love with a voice over the radio. She thinks it belongs to a Handsome Hero, so everything's okay until she learns that he's pretty much of a villian. But the voice really belongs to a good egg who's not so good looking—that's me—and everything comes out right in the end."

Everything has come out right for Bing—that's no fooling! His up-till-now history is proof of that.

Harry Lillis Crosby, if you must know his real appellation, was born in Spokane, Washington, twenty-seven years ago, and was named after his father. His mother was Catherine Harrigan. Neither had any stage ambitions, nor had anyone in his family as far as Bing knows.

When Harry L., the second, was five, there was a comic strip running in the newspapers, known as "Bingville Bugler." Kids of the neighborhood, headed by Bing's older brothers, Everette and Bob, nicknamed Harry L., "Bingo," after the cartoon. In time this was shortened to *Continued*

Babe Kane and Bing Crosby in *Billboard Girl,* the radio favorite's first comedy, filmed as a result of a hunch that came to Mack Sennett, a veteran producer who has cultivated some of the screen's greatest stars

Big News About Bing!

Continued

"Bing" and that's been his title for so long that he had to get his manager to solve the mystery so he could tell reporters who were besieging him.

"I sang in the choir as a boy and took part in school dramatics," Bing relates. "I especially remember *Julius Caesar,* because I was Caesar, and after Brutus stabbed me I lay there in a beautiful death scene until I saw that the descending curtain was going to come right down on top of me. I rolled over and sent the house into roars of laughter."

LATER Bing matriculated at Gonzaga University in Spokane and paid his tuition by organizing a band. Music was merely a means to earn his tuition until one night he was "spotted" and offered a job in a Fanchon and Marco presentation. Then Bing decided he didn't want to become a lawyer, after all, and took up singing seriously. In due time he became one of the "three rhythm boys" in Paul Whiteman's band. In this way he landed in Hollywood for *The King of Jazz.*

After the completion of this picture he had several small bits on the screen and was employed on occasions as a voice double. Then he got a job singing in the Ambassador Hotel's "Cocoanut Grove," where stars come to dine and dance. This engagement proved to be a big stepping stone in his career. First it led to his meeting with Dixie Lee, who was on her way to stardom, but gave it all up to become Bing's wife.

When he was in good spirits and all was serene in his love life, Bing would clown a bit, because he couldn't help it. One night Mack Sennett saw him and became convinced that the crooner had possibilities as a comedian. So Bing signed up for six short comedies. A good time was had by all, especially when Sennett began to see the shekels rolling in from these pictures.

"I guess Mack Sennett could make a comedian out of anyone," Bing says modestly.

After four of the comedies were completed, Bing came East to perform over a national broadcasting system to do two broadcasts a night and five personal appearances daily at New York's Paramount theatre. It looked as though Bing was to be permanently attached to the theatre.

Now, with a chance to appear in feature-length pictures, it seems that Bing's career is only just starting. And his chances are good. He is not handsome, as movie stars go, but he has a rugged charm and a grand flare for humor. He has self-assurance—gained no doubt from the daily run of five shows a day, two broadcasts, interviews, and an endless rubbing elbows with his admirers. He has a good speaking voice and he sings clear as a bell with all the emotion of the Great Lover he doesn't want to portray in pictures.

Here's luck to you, Bing Crosby. May you take a whirl at movie acting in earnest and last a long time on the screen! You will, if the boxoffice votes of your fans mean anything.

From Screen Book Magazine, May 1932

Article Courtesy of Bob Landry

(Submitted by several members)

This nice tribute to Bing and his music originally appeared as a full page-ad. It has been rearranged to fit into this space.

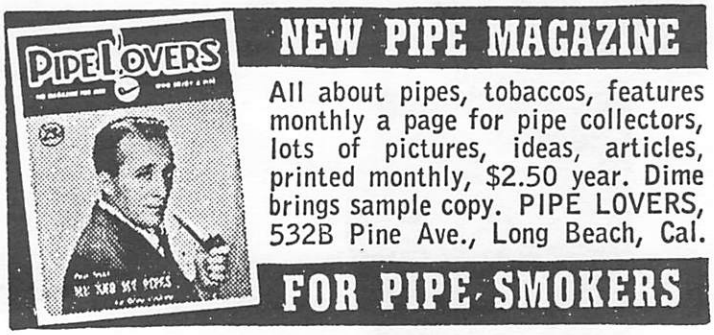
SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES

PIPE ADS FEATURING THE TOBACCONIST'S FRIEND, BING CROSBY

BY MARK SCRIMGER

As the world's most famous pipe smoker, Bing influenced a generation of young men and fellow crooners to join the fold. With credentials like these, Bing was an obvious choice to peddle the wares of America's pipe makers. Shown here are several examples of his work in this field.

A magazine ad (top) and a poster (left) with Bing extolling the virtues of Mastercraft pipes.



All I can tell you about this particular publication is that this ad for it appeared in some magazines issued in late 1946 and early 1947. Once again it's no surprise to see that Bing was chosen to grace the cover of its premier issue. And certainly, no one would have wanted to miss his article inside entitled "Me and My Pipes."

Apparently Bing's allegiance went to the highest bidder, as witness these two ads for competing pipe manufacturers.

Bing gives up his pipe

Bing Crosby said yesterday he has stopped smoking a pipe. "It was a nuisance," Crosby told a news conference after someone asked him why he was not smoking his pipe. "What a nuisance," Crosby repeated, "all those pipe cleaners and paraphernalia it takes to keep it going." Crosby said he put down his pipe in January when he underwent surgery for removal of an abscess on his lung. "It's good for the rug, too," Mrs. Kathryn Crosby said, indicating her husband wasn't the most tidy pipe smoker in the world. Crosby was in Spokane, Wash., to launch a drive to raise $6 million as a permanent endowment for Gonzaga University, his alma mater.

When Bing matter-of-factly mentioned at a press conference on Sept. 12, 1974 that he had given up pipe smoking, articles reporting it (such as this one) appeared in newspapers and magazines worldwide. Even today it's hard to picture him without his ever-present pipe. His statue at Gonzaga has one and undoubtedly his postage stamp, when issued, will show one clenched firmly between his lips.

LEGENDS

Remembering America's Greatest Stars

TOM SHALES

Published 1989 by Random House
Article Courtesy of Pat Sullivan

EASY GOING

Bing Crosby's reign outlasted all the heirs apparent. They came, they went, they did or did not acknowledge the debt they owed him, he stayed. Even when Crosby's record sales grew insignificant and rock took over for good, it was encouraging to know that Crosby was still there—still there, happily hanging around like some venerated ex-president. A chief executive. He was not your everyday superstar.

You realized how much his music meant to you, and the innumerable connections it could make, when you heard Crosby's soothing croon coming from a gaudy jukebox in a two-bit bar on that lonely holiday away from home. You heard Bing singing "White Christmas" and you were home again. A thousand memories welled up. You could warm your hands on the sound of his voice.

If he inspired the occasional sentimental binge, Crosby didn't sentimentalize himself. Just the opposite. He was the very absence of pretentiousness, even when it was estimated that his voice had been heard by more people than that of any other mortal who ever lived. Through it all, Bing was jaunty and blithe and self-effacing. He did it in a stroll. It was a particularly American way of dealing with fame and glory; he made it look disarmingly attractive.

"All I do is, I just do the same old thing every time," Bing told an interviewer in 1975, "except each time, it's a different song." And in a way, each time it was the same song, too.

A year later, he tried analyzing his style for the London *Times*. "I wanted to sing conversationally, to reach people with the meaning," he said. "I don't think of a song in terms of notes. I try to think of what it purports to say lyrically. That way it sounds more natural, and anything natural is more listenable."

People forget that this master of the middle of the road led a revolution in popular music, away from oratory and into conversation. Singers were coming into the house on the radio; they no longer needed to pontificate and declaim to throngs. Bing was one of the first singers to sing just to you, wherever you were; his songs were as personal as a phone call from a friend. It was not a high-blown, artsy approach, yet Crosby helped make popular song one of the true art forms of the century.

And he found time to conquer other worlds. He scored a genuine dramatic triumph in the movie version of the Clifford Odets play *The Country Girl*, playing a broken-down alcoholic singing actor named Frank Elgin. More than in his popular priest movies—*The Bells of St. Mary's* and *Going My Way*—Crosby showed in this one he could really act. In key stages of Frank Elgin's boozy deterioration, Crosby must have called upon his own early bouts with the bottle; it made the portrayal convincing and stark.

Still, that *was* Bing Crosby up there. In the film, playgoers at intermission discuss the musical and its star as they stand outside the theater. A woman is telling her husband, "I'm sure you've seen him before—years ago in that show that took place in Central Park."

"Oh, is he the same one?" the husband asks.

"So easygoing and likable, isn't he?" she says.

When it comes to Crosby movies, though, it's more cheering to remember him romping around with Bob Hope in the madcap *Road* pictures they made together. Hope said once that the atmosphere on the set was so festive that "guys used to fight to get to work on the pictures." Then he sighed and said, "God, it was fun."

Theirs was a public, show-biz friendship that remained entertaining on radio, television, and even in newsreels, as well as in the *Road* movies, where the jokes were often at Crosby's expense. In one of the films, Hope suddenly hears violins sneaking in on the soundtrack. He looks into the camera and says, "Okay, folks, you can go out for popcorn now; he's going to sing again."

Crosby popped up in cameos in many of Hope's other comedies. At the end of *My Favorite Brunette*, Crosby plays the executioner on duty the day Hope's execution is called off. He is referred to by his real first name, "Harry." When he stomps away, disappointed he doesn't get to throw the switch, Hope confides to the camera, "He'll take any kind of a part."

At the beginning of Hope's western *Son of Paleface*, Crosby appears on the screen driving a car. In narration, Hope explains that Crosby is "an old character actor" on the Paramount lot who is given small roles out of charity. The *Road* pictures would stop in their tracks for Hope and Crosby to swap insults or extend their radio feud. "You've got that something in your voice so right for selling cheese," Hope sang, a reference to Crosby's radio sponsor, Kraft. Crosby sang back, "I think your jokes are funny; it's just that folks are hard to please."

This wasn't just comedy; it was merriment.

One respected Crosby in particular for the things about his life that he kept private. Though he played a priest several times, his Catholicism remained something personal; he didn't drag God into his act, and when he sang religious numbers, it was without schmaltz. Not even Barbara Walters could seriously penetrate the Crosby wall of privacy.

In the last decade of his life, after a long period of virtual retirement, Crosby softly stepped back into the spotlight, and

millions of people were reminded how much they loved him. Sometimes he turned up in unlikely places. When one of his pet topics, tequila, was discussed in the pages of the rock mag *Rolling Stone,* Crosby wrote a friendly letter to the editor disputing a few points about the pungent delicacy. The letter was published and followed with an editor's note assuring readers that yes, this was the real Bing Crosby.

And when, during a celebration of his fifty years in show business, Crosby took an unfortunate tumble from a tricky stage in Pasadena, and photographers rushed forward and stood on the stage looking down at him and were asked not to take any pictures as Crosby lay there injured, they complied. They recognized him as the cultural equivalent of a head of state.

Crosby's career was dissected in, of all forums, *The Village Voice,* where writer Gary Giddens, after scolding Crosby somewhat for forsaking pure jazz to do homogenized pop, suggested Crosby had come to play the role not only of troubador but of ombudsman. "He reminds me of a line in an old Carl Reiner–Mel Brooks routine about a pop singer who says of his audience, 'I am them, they are me, we are all singing, I have the mouth,' " Giddens wrote.

Calling Crosby "the ultimate pop icon," Giddens said, "He is us, and we are him, only he has the mouth."

There will probably never be another singer as widely, universally popular as Bing Crosby. Part of the fallout of the media explosion is a fractionalized electorate; the great audience has become many audiences. Radio stations play all this and all that, all day. Where Crosby's influence will end we can never know, however. No matter what kind of music a singer performs, whenever there's an attempt to make individual, personal communication in song, Bing Crosby's legacy is perpetuated.

He titled his autobiography *Call Me Lucky,* and every indication is, that's how he really thought of himself.

Bing sang so many songs it would be hard to find a common thread through them, but some of those most associated with him had a Crosbyesque message: Relax, take it easy, don't worry, be happy.

He sang Irving Berlin's "Lazy" in *Holiday Inn.* He sang "Gone Fishin' " with Louis Armstrong, "Don't Fence Me In" with the Andrew Sisters, and "In the Cool, Cool, Cool of the Evening" with Jane Wyman. He sang of "The Land of Beginning Again" and he sang the musical advice "Accentuate the Positive" and "Count Your Blessings (Instead of Sheep)." He sang American credos and gave them new credibility.

It was a voice of comfort, a voice of cheer. It was even a voice of reason. It was a voice to come home to. It was a voice as big as all indoors.

SALLY FORTH—By Greg Howard

JOE PALOOKA

Arthur Godfrey-Drew Pearson-Bing

A recent reprint in "The National"--daily sports paper. Original from late 40's or early 50's. Courtesy Gregg Hammond.

From FORD TIMES
December 1990
Courtesy Joe Hostetter

THE SONG STILL GLISTENS

How Irving Berlin's "White Christmas" snowballed its way into the hearts of dreamers everywhere.

BY ALEXANDRA BOETTCHER

The first time Bing Crosby heard "White Christmas," he took his pipe out of his mouth, turned to the man who wrote the song and calmly remarked, "You don't have to worry about this one, Irving."

Bing was right. Almost 50 years later, people who cringe at contemporary carols like "I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus" still turn to cranberry mush when they hear Irving Berlin's Christmas anthem.

When I was a 16-year-old piano student, though, I worried about "White Christmas." I was selected to play it at a Christmas recital, and the thought of playing that song, *any* song, in front of people made my stomach hurt.

I'll never forget the faces of my four siblings who grinned at me, relishing my embarrassment as I, by far the oldest student on the program, plodded up to the bench. The instructions at the top of the sheet music urged the pianist to play slowly with expression, but I sailed through an up-tempo rendition of the holiday ballad, hoping to end my misery more quickly. As I was about to stand up and shrug my shoulders into some semblance of a bow, my teacher, Mrs. Lindow, nudged me back onto the bench and invited the audience to sing along as I played the chorus once again.

Slowly and with much expression, Mrs. Lindow raised her arms and carried us through the song like a maestra. With so many voices drowning out my shaky chords, I began to relax as treetops glistened and children listened. Quite unexpectedly, I started to enjoy myself. This felt like my song now, and everyone was singing it, even the four smart alecks sitting beside my parents.

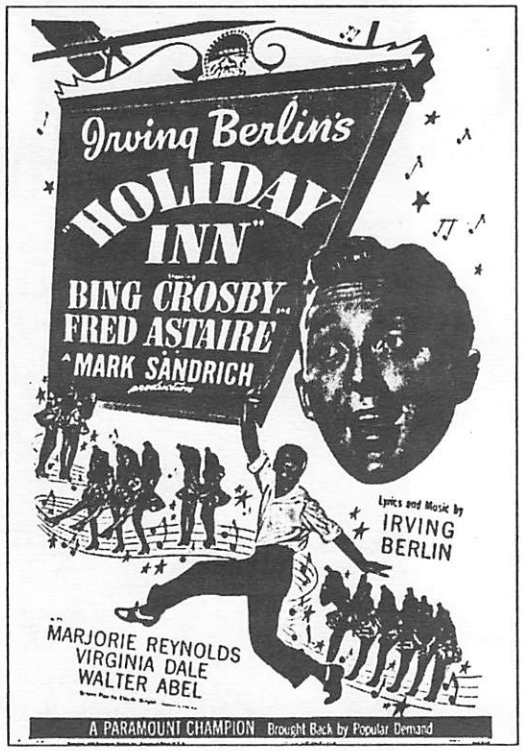
Somehow, "White Christmas" had transformed me from a mere student into ... an entertainer. To this day, it's the only piece I can play by heart.

This is clearly a song with staying power. Irving Berlin, whose "Alexander's Ragtime Band" and "God Bless America" already were classics, wrote "White Christmas" in 1942. In just four months, it sold a million copies of sheet music. To date, more than 208 million recordings of the song and almost 6 million copies of sheet music have been sold. The most popular song of the more than 1,500 Berlin published is now the most valuable copyright in existence. "White Christmas" is a publishing firm all by itself, its author used to say.

CROSBY'S PERFORMANCE WAS AS SMOOTH AS SILK, EVEN ON THE TONGUE-TWISTING WORD 'CHRISTMASES.'

America first heard "White Christmas" when Bing Crosby sat down at a piano and sang it with Marjorie Reynolds in the 1942 film *Holiday Inn*. Its runaway success made the song a Christmas classic that later was recorded by Perry Como, Jim Nabors, Frank Sinatra and Tammy Wynette, to name just a few. Berlin, who lived to hear all of these renditions (he died in 1989 at the age of 101), objected to just one version. "Elvis Presley recorded it, and Berlin detested it so much — just as he detested all rock 'n' roll — that he had his staff call radio stations around the country and warn them not to play it, or else," says Laurence Bergreen, whose biography of Berlin was published recently. Or else what? "The fall of modern civilization, I suppose," Bergreen says with a laugh.

Bing Crosby, whose biggest hit was "White Christmas," sold more records — 300 million — than any singer. That is, until 1982, when Michael Jackson's *Thriller* album was released, soon breaking all previous sales records.



Bergreen, author of *As Thousands Cheer: The Life of Irving Berlin* (1990, Viking, $24.95), is an entertaining storyteller who has rounded up wonderful anecdotes about *Holiday Inn* and the subsequent success of "White Christmas."

The film, which also starred Fred Astaire, is about a successful entertainer (Crosby) with a lazy streak. Envisioning a life of leisure, he leaves Hollywood to run a Connecticut lodge that's open only on holidays. In the tradition of Tin Pan Alley, where he got his start, Berlin wrote a score with songs for major holidays, and the movie's three stars sang and danced their way through the calendar.

Berlin, who could neither read nor write music, wrote the lyrics for "White Christmas" and worked out the melody in his head. Legend has it that he told his transcriber, "It's not only the best song I ever wrote, it's the best song anybody ever wrote." Berlin always was known as a boaster, but time would tell that he wasn't off the mark in this case.

"The melody by itself is almost a trifle banal, but the lyrics are so poignant," Bergreen says. "The song has such sweet words and images."

When *Holiday Inn* opened in New York in 1942, critics received it warmly and moviegoers flocked to see it. One reviewer, however, claimed that "White Christmas" was "schmaltzy," and Berlin's confidence in his beloved song promptly took a nosedive. He needn't have worried, though. The scene where Bing Crosby sits down at the piano to croon "White Christmas" is a classic movie moment. It is because of this memorable tune that *Holiday Inn* is aired every Christmas on television stations around the country — and is a popular video rental. Crosby's performance was as smooth as silk, even on the tongue-twisting word "Christmases." And who can forget the part where he taps the bells on the Christmas tree with the bowl of his pipe?

Bergreen loves to tell the story about the day that scene was filmed. "Berlin was a world-class worrywart, so he had been told to stay away from the set when they were filming Bing Crosby singing 'White Christmas.' But as the cameras rolled, someone noticed some scenery off to the side shaking a little. The music director went over to investigate, and there, crouched down among the props, was Berlin. He just couldn't stay away — he had to be in control of everything."

In the years that followed the release of *Holiday Inn*, the dream of a white Christmas took on a greater meaning for American soldiers stationed overseas. The song captured the GIs' feelings of homesickness, and as the holidays approached each year during the war, soldiers around the world inundated the Armed Forces Radio Service with requests for Berlin's song.

Berlin wasn't fully aware of the song's global impact until he was performing with *This Is the Army* in the South Pacific in 1945. As he toured the islands, he was touched when he heard locals singing "White Christmas" in their native tongues.

Biographer Bergreen says the song still holds its appeal today because it is essentially timeless, one of the few songs Berlin wrote that belongs to no particular era, place or musical fashion.

He may be right. Whenever I sit down to play "White Christmas," an audience gathers to sing the words that my grandchildren probably will know by heart. ■

Alexandra Boettcher is the managing editor of Ford Times.

BING CROSBY

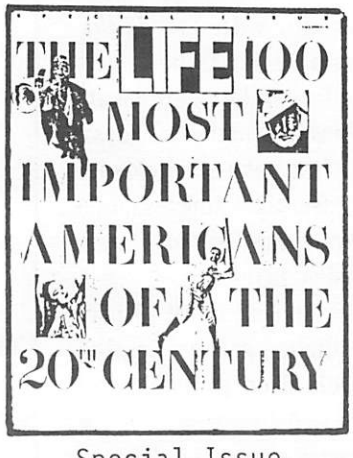
THE CROONER

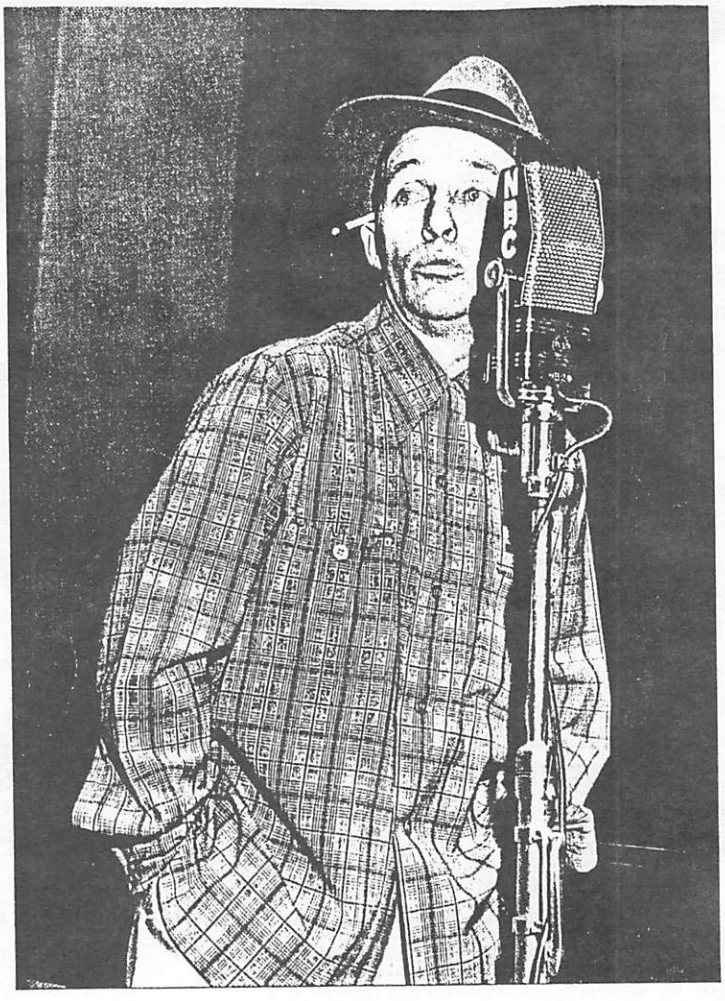
WHO BEGAT

EASY LISTENING

He would kind of cozy up to a microphone and burble a mellifluous flow of baritone buh-buh-buh-buh-buhs between phrases. Audiences sighed; tenors were out of business. The first singer to really cotton to the possibilities of amplification, Crosby had a soft, easygoing way with a song that inspired every major balladeer who followed. Frank Sinatra called him "the father of my career."

Born in Tacoma, Wash., Harry Lillis Crosby had his own radio show from the early '30s to the late '40s. He made movies as well. He hit the road seven times with Bob Hope, won an Oscar and introduced, in a 1942 musical, his biggest hit tune—"White Christmas." Crosby sold more records—300 million—than any singer until Elvis. Like Presley, he died in 1977, at 73 meeting the blue of his night as he left the eighteenth green of a golf course in Spain.





The '100 Most Influential Americans'

NEW YORK (AP) — Here are the "100 Most Influential Americans of the 20th Century" compiled by editors of Life Magazine and listed alphabetically:

Jane Addams (1860-1935) Social reformer
Muhammad Ali (1942-) Prizefighter
Elizabeth Arden (1884?-1966) Businesswoman-cosmetics
Roone Arledge (1931-) Broadcasting executive
Louis Armstrong (1900?-1971) Jazz musician
George Balanchine (1904-1983) Choreographer
John Bardeen (1908-) Physicist
Irving Berlin (1888-1989) Songwriter
Edward L. Bernays (1891-) Public Relations executive
Leonard Bernstein (1918-) Conductor-composer
Marlon Brando (1924-) Actor
Wernher von Braun (1912-1977) Rocket engineer
Dale Carnegie (1888-1955) Author-educator
Wallace Carothers (1896-1937) Chemist-nylon inventor
Willis Carrier (1876-1950) Engineer-air conditioning inventor
Rachel Carson (1907-1964) Environmentalist-author
Bing Crosby (1904-1977) Singer-actor
Clarence Darrow (1857-1938) Lawyer
Eugene V. Debs (1855-1926) Labor organizer
Robert De Graff (1895?-1981) First paperback book publisher
John Dewey (1859-1952) Philosopher-educator
Walt Disney (1901-1966) Cartoonist-film producer
W. E. B. Du Bois (1868-1963) NAACP founder
Allen Dulles (1893-1969) Founding CIA director
Bob Dylan (1941-) Singer-songwriter
Albert Einstein (1879-1955) Theoretical physicist
T. S. Eliot (1888-1965) Poet-critic
William Faulkner (1897-1962) Author
Abraham Flexner (1866-1959) Educator
Henry Ford (1863-1947) Automobile manufacturer
John Ford (1895-1973) Filmmaker
Betty Friedan (1921-) Feminist author
Milton Friedman (1912-) Economist
George Gallup (1901-1984) Public opinion analyst
A. P. Giannini (1870-1949) Banker
Billy Graham (1918-) Evangelist
Martha Graham (1894?-) Dancer-choreographer
D.W. Griffith (1875-1948) Filmmaker
Joyce C. Hall (1891-1982) Businessman-greeting cards
Ernest Hemingway (1898-1961) Author
Oliver Wendell Holmes (1841-1935) Jurist
J. Edgar Hoover (1895-1972) FBI director
Robert Hutchins (1899-1977) Educator
Helen Keller (1880-1968) Activist author-lecturer
Jack Kerouac (1922-1969) Author
Billie Jean King (1943-) Tennis player
Martin Luther King, Jr. (1929-1968) Civil rights activist
Alfred Kinsey (1894-1956) Sociologist-sex researcher
Willem Kolff (1911-) Biomedical engineer
Ray Kroc (1902-1984) McDonald's founder
Edwin Land (1909-) Inventor, polarized lenses-camera
William Levitt (1907-) Developer
John L. Lewis (1880-1969) Labor leader
Charles Lindbergh (1902-1974) Aviator
Raymond Loewy (1893-1986) Industrial designer
Henry Luce (1898-1967) Editor-publisher
Douglas MacArthur (1889-1964) U.S. Army General
George C. Marshall (1880-1959) Soldier-diplomat
Louis B. Mayer (1885-1957) Motion picture producer
Claire McCardell (1905-1958) Fashion designer
Joseph McCarthy (1908-1957) U.S. Senator
Frank McNamara (1917-1957) Inventor of the credit card
Margaret Mead (1901-1978) Anthropologist
Karl Menninger (1893-1990) Psychiatrist
Charles E. Merrill (1885-1956) Stockbroker
Ludwig Mies van der Rohe (1886-1969) Architect
Robert Moses (1888-1981) Municipal planner
William Mulholland (1855-1935) Civil engineer
Edward R. Murrow (1908-1965) Journalist
Ralph Nader (1934-) Consumer advocate
Rienhold Niebuhr (1892-1971) Theologian
John von Neumann (1903-1957) Mathematician
Euguene O'Neill (1888-1953) Playwright
J. Robert Oppenheimer (1904-1967) Physicist
William Paley (1901-) Broadcasting executive
Jackson Pollock (1912-1956) Artist
Emily Post (1873-1960) Etiquette columnist
Elvis Presley (1935-1977) Entertainer
Jackie Robinson (1919-1972) Baseball player
John D. Rockefeller Jr. (1874-1960) Philanthropist
Richard Rodgers (1902-1979) Composer
Will Rogers (1879-1935) Humorist author-actor
Eleanor Roosevelt (1884-1962) Political figure-author
Babe Ruth (1895-1948) Baseball player
Jonas Salk (1914-) Polio vaccine microbiologist
Margaret Sanger (1883-1966) Leader of birth-control movement
Alfred P. Sloan Jr. (1875-1966) Industrialist
Benjamin Spock (1903-) Pediatrician-educator
Alfred Stieglitz (1864-1946) Photographer
Roy Stryker (1893-1975) Deptartment of Agriculture official
Bill W. (1895-1971) Alcoholics Anonymous founder
Andy Warhol (1928-1987) Artist
Earl Warren (1891-1974) Supreme Court Chief Justice
James D. Watson (1928-) Biologist-DNA researcher
Thomas J. Watson Jr. (1914-) Businessman
Tennesee Williams (1911-1983) Playwright
Walter Winchell (1897-1972) Journalist
Frank Lloyd Wright (1867-1959) Architect
Orville Wright (1871-1948) and Wilbur Wright (1867-1912) Aviation pioneers
Malcolm X (1925-1965) Civil rights activist

Moonshiners

This play by James Pettifer was put on at the Palace Theatre Centre, Westcliffe, England, from March 29 to April 14. These reviews appeared in the August 1990 issue of BING, a publication of the International Crosby Circle, and are reprinted with the permission of the editor of that publication.

Back there on the night I first saw it, March 30th, my view of "MOONSHINERS" was largely based on having survived the rigours of travelling to Westcliffe, spending an inordinate amount of money for the use of a box-room in a hotel and the general relief that Bing hadn't, after all, been thrown to the wolves.

I was, I believe, the first of the Crosbyana disciples to see the play and it could be said that as the days passed, jagged edges were buffed, minor holes filled in and some of the obvious cracks plastered over. Reports from other sources underline the fact that either repairs were effected, or I saw a different play from the "main party", a week later. Or maybe, as retrospect began its devious work, I am marginally more paranoid than most. In any event I do now see things more clearly and recognise that my relief was based on an insider's knowledge of the subject plus the fear that James Pettifer could have, had he been so inclined, made a still larger dent in the whole Crosby mythology.

Ol' Jim, I am now convinced, did in fact go out loaded for bear and if a series of blanks, rubber bullets and near-misses resulted it was not intended that way. I have, for my own recall purposes, listed the various shots fired and it makes morbid reading insofar as sensing that Jim had once sat looking at just such a list speculating how much powder he could afford to put into each round. Despite Bing's long life and career it now seems certain that when anyone sets out to destroy the man's image they all, inevitably, fall back on the surprisingly small stock of well-tried "truths".

Here, straight from his not-too-well-thumbed copy of "THE HOLLOW MAN", they trotted out again and one couldn't help but wonder why it is that despite that lengthy career, someone like Bing really doesn't have a drama in him. Jim may not be aware that beyond the realms of strict Crosbyana, the average man-in-the-street really doesn't know much about the history. Had he been writing exclusively for us we could easily have floored him on a wide range of inaccuracies and, seeing the play, it is easy to dismiss most of the thrusts as neither here nor there.

But what of the innocent eyes, seeing this familiar figure as he goes through the scenes and is manipulated into being weak willed, treacherous, sucking up to hoodlums, tight with money, consorting with prostitutes, letting his partners down and more. Not a recipe that will get you sanctified, even if it is performed so ineptly and is over in such a flash that only the attentive eye and ear takes note of it.

Hearing back from two or three who saw the play, I had the impression that they, too, had expected much worse and consequently they were willing to let the rest bounce off. If I were more certain that this epic wouldn't surface somewhere else, perhaps in a tour of backwater theatres, much of my concern could be disposed of.

The music, naturally, bound the fragments of "drama" together with a good solid cement and had this been a straight-forward narrative account of Bing's earlier days, minus the "dark" inserts, one would have sat wondering how, out of this colourless debris, had emerged one of the great careers of this century. Charting Bing's emergence from early obscurity relies on eye-witness accounts from people who, even then, were developing a whole rack of minor axes that would be ground, year after year, as the acids of their own failures took hold.

When did you ever hear a bad word said about Como or Bennett or a number of other perfectly acceptable examples of stardom? No books written, the details obscured by the fact that they still survive. Jolson, Bing and others make that ultimate bad career move of dying and there is some dreadul human impulse to see what really made these unusual folk tick. Often enough it is nothing very spectacular and while hard work, long hours and dedication are fine examples for the growing youth, the SUN wouldn't print them.

"MOONSHINERS" has no intention of posing any real question as to how greatness gets thrust upon a man — by people like us — and why it is that so many of us will cough up a small fortune to see the demolition men roll up with that big steel ball. This tawdry and sleazy production, minus its advertised suggestion of "dark and complex" may be as far as this aspect of Bing is ever likely to be taken. I'd go along with that, all the way.

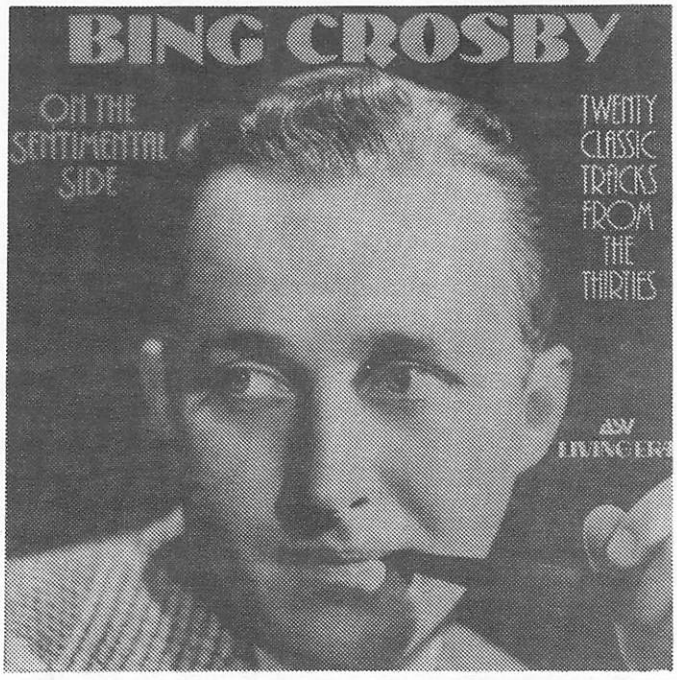
John Marshall

Taking an impartial view, Moonshiners was ultimately a competent production which was generally 'well done'. The singing in particular was impressive with Johnny Myers (as Bing) blending well with Malcolm Ward (Al Rinker) and Robin Fritz (Harry Barris). I would guess that the trio had worked extremely hard to duplicate the original recordings as even the ad-libs were identical. The script was heavily slanted against Bing and it would be easy to destroy it critically and factually. I gather that the production team had made constant revisions to the script as they too felt that much of it was unsuitable. If only a more balanced view had been taken, we Crosby fans would have had a glorious evening. As it was though, I was totally absorbed by the play and I enjoyed the experience. Press coverage was favourable and Johnny Myers was interviewed on local radio on a couple of occasions. It can be argued that any publicity for Bing is worthwhile in the long run. If nothing else his songs have been brought to the notice of a wider audience as the result of this play and the attendant publicity. Whatever our thoughts, Moonshiners will be seen to have made a significant contribution to Crosbyana in the 1990's.

Malcolm Macfarlane.

BC ON CD -AN UPDATE

Contributors:
Steve Lewis
Wayne Martin
Mark Scrimger
Ernest Sutkowski
Greg Van Beek
Frank Whittaker



BING CROSBY--ON THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE. Living Era CD AJA 5072 (England).

Black Moonlight; Our Big Love Scene; If You Should Ever Need Me; How Deep Is the Ocean?; Stardust (1931); Dancing in the Dark; I Found a Million Dollar Baby (1931); I'm Thru With Love; My Heart Is Taking Lessons; I Have Eyes; You're a Sweet Little Headache; Sing a Song of Sunbeams; The Funny Old Hills; On the Sentimental Side; Joobalai; That Sly Old Gentleman; Between a Kiss and a Sigh; Thine Alone; I'm Building a Sailboat of Dreams; Sweet Is the Word for You.

BING CROSBY--"THE CHRISTMAS SONGS (FEATURING WAR-TIME CHRISTMAS BROADCASTS). Victorious VJC-1017 (Canada). Available from Mr. Nostalgia, $15.98.

Complete Kraft Music Hall Broadcast of 12-21-44 including Where the Blue of the Night; Adeste Fideles; Jingle Bells; I Dream of You (Eugenie Baird); I'm Making Believe; A Slip of the Lip (Charioteers); What a Difference a Day Makes; Beautiful Saviour (Kraft Choral Club); God Is Ever Beside Me (Kraft Choral Club); Silent Night. Selections from Various Broadcasts 1942-46 including Medley: Happy Holiday/Come to Holiday Inn; Let's Start the New Year; God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen; Let It Snow, Let It Snow; I'll Be Home for Christmas; Excerpts from Philco Hall of Fame 12-24-44 including Adeste Fideles; White Christmas. Excerpts from Philco Radio Time 12-25-46 including Blue of the Night; Adeste Fideles; The Christmas Song; Jingle Bells; White Christmas; Silent Night, Christmas Sing with Bing 12-24-55 including Joy to the World; The First Noel; Good King Wenceslas; Away in a Manger; Deck the Halls with Boughs of Holly; Oh Little Town of Bethlehem.

THE ALL-TIME BEST OF BING CROSBY. Curb D2-77340 (U.S.A.).

Swinging on a Star; Sugar (w/Louis Armstrong); Dear Hearts and Gentle People; Ac-cent-tchu-ate the Positive (w/Andrews Sisters); Lazy River (w/Armstrong); Where the Blue of the Night (1940 version); Don't Fence Me In (w/Andrews); Bye Bye Blues (w/Armstrong); Easter Parade; Dardanella.

LOUIS ARMSTRONG GREATEST HITS. Curb D2-77339 (U.S.A.)

Selections by Bing and Louis Armstrong: Way Down Yonder in New Orleans; Muskrat Ramble; At the Jazz Band Ball; Brother Bill; Rocky Mountain Moon; The Preacher. (Other selections by Armstrong).

ALL-TIME SENTIMENTAL FAVORITES. Reader's Digest. (USA). Also available on LP's & cassette tapes.

Selections by Bing: Anniversary Song; It Had To Be You; Moments to Remember.(Other selections are by a variety of artists.)

THE AL JOLSON COLLECTION. Deja-Vu 5020-2

Selection by Bing and Al Jolson: Alexander's Ragtime Band. (Other selections by Jolson).

BING CROSBY/LIBERACE CHRISTMAS. MCA MCAD-20521 (USA). Also available on cassette MCAC-20521.

Selections by Bing: Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer; Here Comes Santa Claus; The First Noel; Silent Night; Adeste Fideles; God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen. (Other selections by Liberace).

JUDY GARLAND--BEST OF THE DECCA YEARS, VOL. 1. MCA MCAD-31345 (USA).

Selection by Bing and Judy Garland: Yah-Ta-Ta Yah-Ta-Ta. (Other selections by Garland).

LOUIS ARMSTRONG--BEST OF THE DECCA YEARS MCA MCAD-31346 (USA).

Selection by Bing and Louis Armstrong: Gone Fishin'. (Other selections by Armstrong).

CD UPDATE--CONT'D

SELECTIONS FROM IRVING BERLIN'S WHITE CHRISTMAS. MCA DMCL 277 (England). Also available on cassette (MCLC 1777) and LP (MCL 1777).

The Old Man; Gee, I Wish I Was Back in the Army (w/Danny Kaye); Snow (w/Kaye); Blue Skies (w/Kaye); Mandy (w/Kaye); Count Your Blessings Instead of Sheep; What Can You Do with a General?; White Christmas (w/Kaye & others). (Other selections non-Bing).

BING CROSBY. Ariola Express IC-8637. (Same as RCA BPCD 5092, Australia).

Ol' Man River; Three Little Words; It Must Be True; Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams; Just a Gigolo); I'm Through With Love; Just One More Chance; Some Sunny Day; I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter; Mack the Knife; Dream a Little Dream of Me; Whispering; Down Among the Sheltering Palms; The Little Things in Life; One More Time; Them There Eyes.

BING CROSBY: REMEMBERING 1927-34. Happy Days Series CDHD 123 (England).

Please; Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?; I've Got the World on a String; Sweet Georgia Brown; A Ghost of a Chance; My Honey's Lovin' Arms; Down the Old Ox Road; How Deep Is the Ocean; Temptation; St. Louis Blues; Dinah; Somebody Stole Gabriel's Horn; Stay on the Right Side of the Road; Someday Sweetheart; Some of These Days; Shine; I'm Coming Virginia; There's a Cabin in the Pines.

BING CROSBY: BING'S BUDDIES. Magic CD-41 (England). Available from Mr. Nostalgia, P. O. Box 26494, Tamarac, FL 33320, $17.98 plus $2.50 UPS.

Guests: Martha Tilton, Teresa Brewer, Dinah Shore, Anna Maria Alberghetti, Hoagy Carmichael, Jane Wyman. Includes: Theme; Bright Eyes; Painting the Clouds with Sunshine; Sweet Violets; The Wang Wang Blues; Domino; I Only Have Eyes for You; Swanee River; Christopho Colombo; Row Row Row; A Kiss to Build a Dream On; Lo Hear the Gentle Lark; Because of You; Just One More Chance; Buttermilk Sky; In the Cool, Cool, Cool of the Evening; The Twilight Side of the Hill.

BING CROSBY--THE RADIO YEARS. GNP/Crescendo GNPD-9051. Listed in the December 1987 issue of BINGANG.

BING CROSBY--THE RADIO YEARS. GNP/Crescendo GNPD-9052. Listed in the December 1988 issue of BINGANG.

The CD's are now available from Mr. Nostalgia, P. O. Box 26494, Tamarac, FL 33320 for $12.98 each, plus $3.75 UPS for the two items.

IRVING BERLIN'S "HOLIDAY INN" AND "BLUE SKIES." Victorious VJC-1012-2 (Canada). Available from Mr. Nostalgia, P.O. Box 26494, Tamarac, FL 33320, $15.98.

HOLIDAY INN: I'll Capture Your Heart (w/Fred Astaire & Virginia Dale); You're Easy to Dance With (Fred Astaire); White Christmas (w/Marjorie Reynolds); Medley: Happy Holiday/Let's Start the New Year Right (w/Marjorie Reynolds); You're Easy to Dance With (Bob Crosby Orch.); Be Careful It's My Heart; I Can't Tell a Lie (Fred Astaire); Easter Parade; Song of Freedom. BLUE SKIES: You Keep Coming Back Like a Song/Blue Skies (Instrumentals); I've Got My Captain Working for Me Now (w/Billy De Wolfe); You'd Be Surprised (Olga San Juan); I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket; Cheek to Cheek; All by Myself (w/Joan Caulfield); Puttin' on the Ritz (Fred Astaire); Serenade to an Old-Fashioned Girl (Joan Caulfield); I'll See You in C-U-B-A (w/Olga San Juan); A Couple of Song and Dance Men (w/Fred Astaire); You Keep Coming Back Like a Song; What'll I Do?; All Alone; Remember; Blue Skies; The Little Things in Life; Not for All the Rice in China; Russian Lullaby; Everybody Step; Say It Isn't So; How Deep Is the Ocean? (Female Quartet); Getting Nowhere; Heat Wave (Olga San Juan & unidentified tenor); Any Bonds Today?; This Is the Army, Mr. Jones; White Christmas; God Bless America; You Keep Coming Back Like a Song (Reprise); Blue Skies (Reprise--Joan Caulfield).

IT'S CHRISTMAS TIME: BING CROSBY, FRANK SINATRA, NAT KING COLE. Laserlight 15-152 (USA). Pressed in Germany.

Selections by Bing: White Christmas; Silver Bells; Adeste Fideles; Silent Night. (Other selections by Frank Sinatra and Nat King Cole).

JACKSON CITIZEN PATRIOT, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1989

Classics always home for Christmas

ALBANY, N.Y. (AP) — The tinsel is on the tree, the egg nog is poured and the yule log aglow. All you need is something on the stereo to complete that holiday mood.

There's always Bing Crosby's time-honored croon of "White Christmas." Nat King Cole's voice remains forever strong on "The Christmas Song." Elvis Presley's "Blue Christmas" still tugs at hearts.

If you're thinking they don't make them like they used to, you're right.

"It's been a long time since something's come along that's become a classic," said Joel Whitburn, whose Milwaukee-based Record Research Inc. monitors what's hot and what's not in the music world.

Money pressures and the daunting prospect of competing with still-popular standards from decades, even centuries, ago mean that few artists even try to write new holiday standards today.

"If you're going to write a whole bunch of new Christmas carols, who cares?" said Nebraska-based composer Chip Davis.

Davis, who records as a one-man band under the name Mannheim Steamroller, is responsible for one of the few holiday music success stories of the 1980s. He records instrumental "New Age" versions of Christmas classics specifically designed for compact disc players.

With record companies re-releasing classics by Crosby, the Carpenters, Johnny Mathis and Phil Spector every year, it may be a surprise to learn that Davis' 1984 release, "Mannheim Steamroller Christmas," and his 1988 recording, "A Fresh Aire Christmas," were the top two selling holiday albums last year.

BING CROSBY

ELVIS PRESLEY

It was for Davis.

"I didn't really expect it to do anything because it was sort of a known thing that this sort of junk just croaks," said Davis, who was advised against recording holiday songs, of how Christmas music fares in the marketplace.

"Christmas albums were pretty much considered death in the industry," Davis said. "If you did a Christmas album, it was like signing off."

The Mannheim Steamroller records wed the old and new in a combination perfect for listeners too old for rock 'n' roll novelty records and too young for Lawrence Welk. Orchestras, synthesizers and electric guitars are used in instrumental versions of classics and a few new compositions.

Davis' records, along with George Winston's "December" album on Windham Hill Records, are expected to be hot sellers again this year.

"It has a broad appeal," said Geoff Mayfield, associate research director for Billboard magazine. "If you like traditional Christmas music, that's what it's about, but it's presented in a new way. People with gray hair can like it. And if you're a kid you can sit through it, and it doesn't have to sound like Mitch Miller."

Holiday records have always been a strange stepchild of the music industry. Artists compete during a compressed time period to sell music to be heard in the background at a few parties then tossed into closets for 11 months.

This kind of high-risk, low-return work makes many songwriters run in the other direction, Davis said. "Your ego gets stepped on," he said.

"They're probably some of the most difficult types of songs to write and have catch on because there's such an established litany of old material that people are fond of," said David McLees, artists and repertoire coordinator for Rhino Records.

The all-time champ of the modern era is Irving Berlin's composition of "White Christmas," heard first in the 1942 movie "Holiday Inn." The song has sold in excess of 100 million copies, with Crosby's version accounting for about 30 million, Whitburn said.

The Christmas song that's sold the most copies since 1955 is a little less reverent — it's the novelty record "The Chipmunk Song," first released in 1958, Whitburn said.

Most of the Christmas records that are played repeatedly on the radio these days date from the 1955-65 decade. They include "Jingle Bell Rock," "Silver Bells," "The Little Drummer Boy," "Please Come Home for Christmas," "The Christmas Song" and "Rockin' Around the Christmas Tree."

In fact, of the Top 10 best-selling Christmas songs for what Billboard magazine defines as the "rock era" (1955 and after), only one is from after 1970. That's the barked version of "Jingle Bells" by the Singing Dogs.

The only new song of the 1980s to show any staying power is Elmo and Patsy's warped "Grandma Got Run Over by a Reindeer" from 1983. The jury's still out on "Do They Know It's Christmas," the Band Aid song that launched the rock 'n' roll philanthropy trend of the 1980s.

Mannheim Steamroller and other "New Age" records will face stiff competition this year from teen-age chartbusters New Kids on the Block.

They've released a Christmas album with several new compositions by their behind-the-scenes guru, Maurice Starr, and yes, another version of "White Christmas." It' already achieved the relatively rare feat of appearing on Billboard's top album — not Christmas album — chart in October.

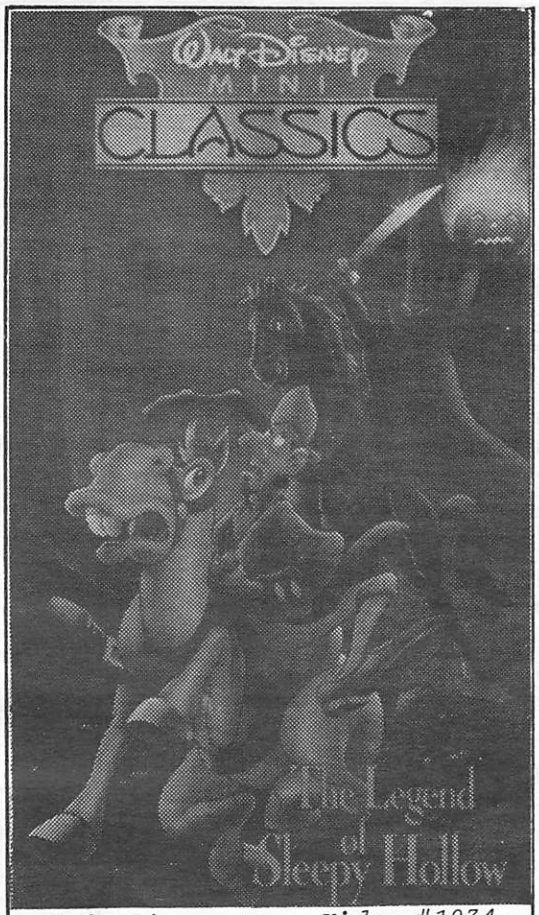
Other artists planning new Christmas records this year are Kenny Rogers, Randy Travis, Wynton Marsalis, Ricky Van Shelton, Leon Redbone and Roger Whitaker.

Some record companies are hoping creative approaches to packaging will gain them a niche in the Christmas market. Motown Records is releasing a collection of songs from many of its artists, including Smokey Robinson and the Temptations. TVT Records is presenting a sampling of Christmas songs sung by soap opera stars.

Rhino Records, known for its aggressive repackaging, will present "Bummed Out Christmas," a collection for Christmas cynics featuring such songs as "Santa Came Home Drunk," "Christmas in Prison" and "Somebody Stole My Santa Claus Suit."

New Video Releases

Paramount Home Video #5101



Walt Disney Home Video #1034

Actually, only "Here Comes the Groom" is a new release while "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" has been reissued in new packaging. "Here Comes the Groom" retails for under $15.00 while "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" has been spotted in several stores priced between $9.00 and $10.00. Both are very affordable as well as welcome additions to the ever-growing list of commercially released Crosby video tapes.

...AND MORE! More good news as Charlie Baillie writes to say that he has recently been in contact with Paramount Home Video's Product Management Department and its manager, James Craig. Mr. Craig indicated that his company was planning the release of several Crosby films over the next 12 to 24 months. These releases would include "Mr. Music," "Welcome Stranger," "Top o' the Morning" and perhaps "Just for You." Should Paramount keep faith and follow through with its plans it will, of course, be a big boon to Crosby video collectors, particularly because "Top o' the Morning" (the most elusive of Crosby films) is on the list. Unfortunately, Mr. Craig said he could not give any release dates until all distributors were notified first, so I guess we'll have to sit tight and wait for future updates. --M. S.

Jim Chenoweth, P. O. Box 6750, Reno NV 85913 has a 28-minute video tape in color of Bing and actor David Wayne playing a round of golf for a charity match in Scottsdale, AZ. Golf pro Jim Chenoweth and host Dale Robertson are also featured. Title: "Swinging with the Stars." Price: $30.00 plus tax and postage. Highly recommended by Cathie and Hobie Wilson of the Bing's Friends and Collectors Society.

The 1991 Movies Unlimited catalog lists "Road to Bali" (#48-1000, $29.99) and "Road to Hong Kong" (#12-2105, $19.99). Postage and handling is $4.50 per order. Address: 6736 Castor Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19149.

Did you catch the Showtime cable presentations of "We're Not Dressing" in September? Great music in this one! --W. L. M.

SCRAPBOOK

MARY CROSBY POOL

Mass of Christian Burial for Mary Rose Crosby Pool, 84, youngest sister of the late Bing Crosby, is being planned for Saturday at the Carmel Mission in Carmel, Calif.

Mrs. Pool, who died Wednesday at her home in Carmel, was born in Tacoma and came to Spokane with her family as a 1-month-old infant. She attended a parochial elementary school and high school in Spokane and had worked in office secretarial positions before moving to California in the late 1940s. She later was a real estate agent in California.

She had returned to Spokane for the unveiling of the Bing Crosby statue at Gonzaga University in 1981.

Mrs. Pool was a former member of St. Aloysius Roman Catholic Church here.

She was the widow of James T. Pool.

Survivors include one son, Bill Miller in California; one daughter, Caroline Michaels of Albuquerque, N.M.; six grandchildren; and several great-grandchildren.

--From a Spokane newspaper of Sept. 21, 1990. Courtesy of Don Eagle.

Decca Record Brush
Courtesy Rena Albanesi

Would you give three hundred bucks for an old brick from **BING CROSBY**'s childhood home?

That's the asking price by officials at Gonzaga High School at Spokane, Washington, which was where the Old Crooner got his education.

He left his little house to the school and they're selling off the courtyard bricks to help maintain the home...

Unidentified Clipping, 1980

Courtesy
Helen Tolton

MARTHA CARR

Dear Martha: Do you or any of your readers know of a Bing Crosby Record Collectors Group in the St. Louis area? My late husband was a Crosby fan and had a standing order at a record shop in the '40s. The records are like new. Anyone knowing of a club, please call

ROSEMARY
Phone: 291-8807

Available: Club Crosby, an international club founded in 1936 for Bing Crosby fans. It publishes a semi-annual magazine, Bingang, and will run free ads for people who have Crosby's records or other items for sale. The magazine is published in July and December. For more information, call Wayne L. Martin, Bingang's editor, at 966-2476. He lives in Kirkwood.

St. Louis Post Dispatch, Sept. 1990

Swaps And Such

FOR SALE--THE BING CROSBY SHOW. 16mm print of Bing's half-hour show, complete with commercials. Episode title: "Suki-Yakies." $65, including shipping. George Ulrich, 410 W. Roy St. #107, Seattle, WA 98119, (206) 283-6051.

FOR SALE--About 200 Crosby 78's, $50 for the lot. Helen Chalus, 5232 Delore, St. Louis, MO 63109, (314) 353-7852.

FOR SALE--My husband's collection of Bing Crosby 78's. 300 78's with jackets and 33 78 rpm albums. My husband James R. Forte was a serious collector for 46 years. All records are in top notch shape. Mrs. Barb Forte, 722 Sunny Dell Drive, Clermont, FL 34711, (904) 394-2616 (home) and (904) 394-4265 (work).

WANTED--The following LP's: "How the West Was Won" (2-LP set), "High Tor," "Goldilocks," "Holiday in Europe," "Beloved Hymns," and "Bing in Paris." Also want cassette tapes of Bing's TV shows and radio shows and old magazine cuttings on Bing. Would also like to correspond with other members and swap cassette tapes, etc.
Etty Gits, Izegemstraat 60, 48 BG Breda, Holland.

FOR SALE--Due to impending retirement and lack of space I must reduce my Bing collection. Have about 1200 LPs plus many reel tapes. There isn't much I don't have, including all the Australian and English club issues. It would be nice to sell the entire collection intact, but will consider bids on separate items or groups. Joe Sinnott, 44 Spaulding Lane, Saugerties, NY 12477, (914) 246-5603.

FOR SALE--Bing's last interview, 3 days before he died in Spain. $5.00 and self-addressed stamped envelope (long). Glenn Haegele, 721 Herndon Woods Court, Herndon, VA 22070.

WANTED--Copies of sheet music from Bing's movies "Road to Bali," "Country Girl," and "Anything Goes" (1956), and copy of "Silver Bells" with picture of second Crosby family on cover. Please quote price and condition. Charles D. Baillie, 118 W. Las Flores Ave., Arcadia, CA 91007.

WANTED--An audio or video cassette of "Bob Hope's Bi-Centennial Spectacular," broadcast on NBC TV on July 4, 1976. Can anyone help? Don Mahoney, 22 Dutton Street, Worcester, MA 01610.

WANTED--Eight-track version of Bing's Merry Xmas album, to complete my display of the many versions of this set. Will trade the extended play 45 White Christmas box, or another set for it. Joe Onorato, 4 Slate Ave., Northfield, VT 05663.

FOR SALE--Many 78's and LPs by Bing Crosby and other artists, collected by my late husband. (Ed. Note: BINGANG has a complete list of these records, and you can inquire to the editor for specific information). Rosemarie Gallagher, 3122 Carnaby Lane Apt. C, Bridgeton, MO 63044, (314)291 8807.

FOR SALE--4 16" non-commercial radio transcriptions. Three are U.S. Navy "Music on Deck" programs featuring Bing. The fourth record is "The U.S. Air Force Presents the Fourth Anniversary Salute to the Ground Observer Corps" and also features Bing. Make an offer. Lawrence Brown, 434 Avant, San Antonio, TX 78210.

FOR SALE--22 78rpm Bing Crosby records in albums. Perfect condition. Make an offer. Pat Harrison, 7502 Westchester, Lambertville, MI 48144.

OTHER CROSBY ORGANIZATIONS

BING CROSBY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
Ken Twiss, President
P. O. Box 216
Tacoma, Washington 98401

BING'S FRIENDS AND COLLECTORS SOCIETY
Hobie Wilson, President
236 Andrieux St.
Sonoma, CA 95476-6909

BINGTHINGS SOCIETY
Bob Lundberg, President
4333 South 41st, #28
Tacoma, Washington 98409

INTERNATIONAL CROSBY CIRCLE
Michael Crampton, Secretary/Treasurer
19 Carrholm Crescent
Chapel Allerton
Leeds, West Yorkshire LS7 2NL
United Kingdom

QUEENSLAND BING CROSBY SOCIETY
P. O. Box 92, Ferney Hills
Queensland, Australia 4055

A GREAT GIFT. Why not send a good friend or relative a gift membership in Club Crosby? We will be glad to send a card to the recipient.

BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE: July 88, December 88, June 89, December 89, and July 90 are available from the editor for $5.00 each, postpaid. No other issues are available.

ANOTHER GREAT PICTURE OF BING

IN THE 1930's

BY TOM G. MURRAY